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The BYSTANDER

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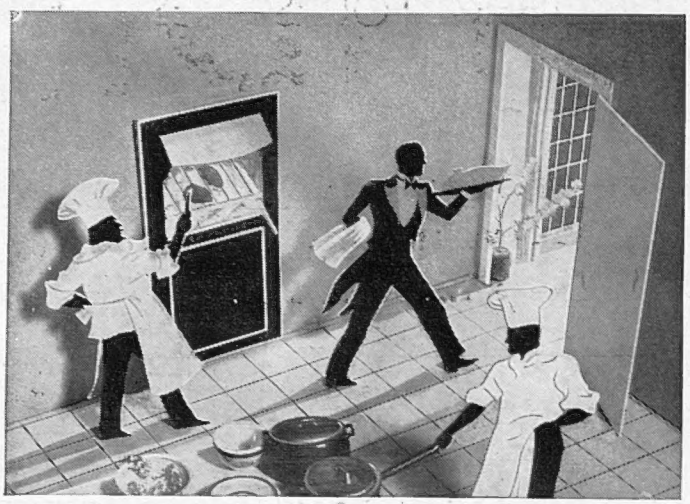

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The Bystander, April 24, 1934

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The BYSTANDER

Tunbridge

MERLE OBERON AND DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

As they appear in the next big Alexander Korda production from the London Films studio, "The Private Life of Don Juan.' It was to have been called "Exit Don Juan," which is, perhaps, the better name. Merle Oberon, the dark and attractive Australian girl, goes from strength ,o strength, and has become a real star. Her last film, "The Battle," is now being shown at the Capitol. Douglas Fairbanks, Senior, is a "one and only," and ought to make a fine, dashing Don Juan. He knows how to wear period dress, which means a lot in this sort of part. The dialogue of the film, which will soon be ready for display, is by Frederick Lonsdale

Left : Lady Annaly, Lord Annaly and Captain Pilcher as seen by Molly Bishop when they were at Grosvenor House on the opening night of Carl Hyson's latest girls-and-dancing cabaret

Photographs by Swaebe

Lady Sackville, Lord Sackville's good-looking American wife, was photographed just as she was in the middle of a sentence to her neighbour

Mr. Denis Hanley, M.P. for Deptford, Miss Dodo Watts, Mr. W. S. Malcolm, Miss Wendy Barrie, Mr. Noel Lindsay, M.P. for Bristol, and Miss Saxon-Mills had a table in the window

Going the Gay Round

And Having Supper at Grosvenor House

Left: the Hon. Gilbert Hay, Lady Annaly, Mr. Newton Horne, and Miss Edith Dawkins, Lady Bertha Dawkins' daughter

Above : Mrs. Thomas Hutchinson and Lord Sackville dancing together

Left : Mrs. W. G. Atkins and Mr. Charles A. Scott, who is flying to Australia in October for Mr. A. O. Edwards in the mystery aeroplane being built by de Havillands

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON

"The Bystander" in Society

Sketches by Molly Bishop

Major "Boy" Wilson, Mrs. Ackroyd, Mr. Ackroyd, and Mrs. Wilson arriving at the Leicester Square Theatre for the first night of Eddie Cantor's new film, "Roman Scandals"

THE Budget is out of the way. In the world of high finance I gather that this is the technical term used to denote the annual activities of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and until this event has taken place we are not officially allowed to whoop and holloa with joy at the bright prospects before us.

FOR those who expected to see Aleister Crowley turn the opposing counsel into a white rabbit, the recent "magic" case in the High Courts must have been a disappointment. I watched Mr. Guy Tooth's expression as he sat on the jury; it was just as serious as when he was playing chemin de fer in the Casino at Le Touquet the week before. Michael Arlen's dapper little figure has been seen in the Law Courts and at the May Fair: times have changed in the West End since the doings of Tallulah Bankhead might have inspired one or two of his stories. Only the other night, I saw her sweep into a night-club with a husky "Sorry I 'm so *dread*-fully late, darling, darling," and nobody seemed to take very much notice. Other visitors to London include Mr. and Mrs. "Gerry" Preston, who have recently been

Lady Lymington, wearing a halo head-dress, was at Grosvenor House to see the new cabaret

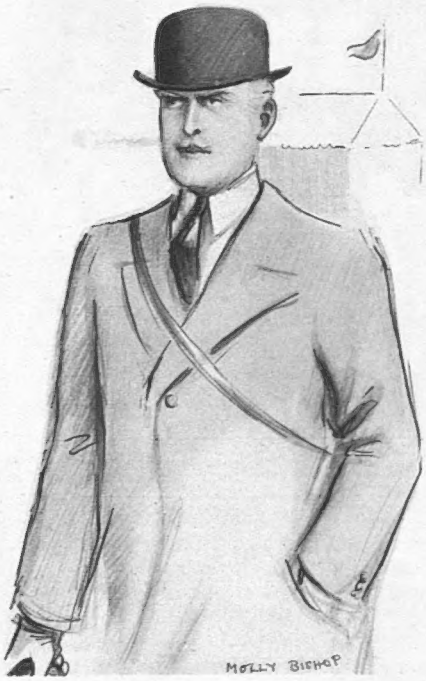
Dancing at Grosvenor House: King George of Greece, and his monocle, had Carol Coombe as partner; Dorothy Hyson, in a simple white dress, was with Robert Douglas. Behind is Jeanne Stourton, wearing her famous earrings, arriving for supper

entertaining in Paris, and have always been wonderful hosts in Kenya, in their house on the shores of Lake Naivasha; Mme. Riotteau, an attractive blonde visitor from Paris; Miss Jean Salmond, just returned from New York; Mr. Billy Gardner, who has been sweeping away the winter's cobwebs from Pourville; M. Edmond Porgès, father of the prettiest French débutante, Florence; the de Surmonts, who went back to Paris with a gigantic new Rolls. Which reminds me that there seems to be a brisk trade in these cars at the moment. Into H. R. Owen's, in Berkeley Street, last week, went Ambrose, accompanied by Lady Bridget Poulett, and just previously Lord Queensberry, with the same companion. During the second visit she was able, in that delightfully vivid style which she has, to show off all the technical points of these cars to the intending purchaser.

THERE are big doings in the Poultry World. The egg-ing Marquess, as Lord Blandford is known in the trade, has lost his chief chicken-eer, Major Charles Clarke, who has

GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (continued)

Lord Bridport and his sister, the Hon. Mrs. Baker, were at Romano's in a party which included Mrs. Baker's husband, Mr. David Baker. She was wearing a white crêpe dress, with a ruby-and-diamond brooch as decoration



General Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, who presented the cups at the Salisbury Plain Military Meeting

Sir Jock Buchanan-Jardine watching a race at Newbury, and wearing a black soft hat

joined the staff of Lord Beaverbrook. The big idea is a chicken-farm for his Lordship, with a subsidiary element of humour and quips from the Major. Sportsmen and boulevardiers alike will welcome back Lord Tennyson to his native land this week. We have already seen photographs of the bride, in one of which she was smiling happily, doubtless at one of Lionel's witty remarks. At Freshwater, Isle of Wight, she will be able to hear the murmuring of the waves, also of the philosopher-sportsman-peer, as he declaims *Gareth and Lynette*.

An item of Ecclesiastical news is that the Rev. E. E. M. Green, perpetual curate of St. Nicholas, Gloucester, will succeed the Rev. W. A. Doherty as incumbent of St. James, Ryde, Isle of Wight. Lord Tennyson will be able to pop over occasionally and hear him preach.

The literary and social world will be glad to hear that another novel is just ready from the pen of Barbara Cartland. The book is to be called *A Beggar Wished*, and is being finished in Dr. Dengler's Home in Baden Baden, where Lady Dunn is also having a rest cure. Perhaps the influence of Goethe will make itself apparent in the closing chapters, and is a point which will cause much interesting speculation.

Recent engagements include that of "Vicky" Hopper, who will have to abandon that schoolgirl look (but, of course, keep that schoolgirl complexion) now that she is to marry Basil Dean; she is twenty-five, and he is in the late-ish forties.

Seen at a recent cocktail-party—Lord Poulett, Miss Elsa Graves (no relation to Charles), and Lady Maureen Stanley. The Piccadilly has opened a new brasserie, adjoining the hotel; the idea was got by Colonel Elwy Jones on a recent visit to Berlin. In the Trocadero Grill is a new Cochran-ian cabaret, which had a big opening night. Yvonne Printemps' jewels got almost as many glances as the show itself. Pierre Fresnay, who is to act with her in Noel Coward's part in *Conversation Piece*, was actually separated from her at C.B.'s large supper-table.

Cinema first-nights have been very popular. At the Capitol, where is *The Battle*, naval attachés and nautical notorieties turned up in force. Brazil, France, Russia, and America were represented, as was Brighton by Sir Harry Preston, Golf by the Eustace Storeys and General Critchley, and the Film itself by Merle Oberon and John Loder. The next night, at the Curzon, to see the première of *Morgenrot* (more ships, and no rot) were Lady Diana Cooper, Miss Penelope Dudley Ward, and Lady Georgiana Curzon. The Marquis de Casa-Maury chooses good films for his new venture. At the Leicester Square Theatre on the same night, where Eddie Cantor gets among the blondes, in *Roman Scandals*, were noticed the Baroness de Cartier de Marchienne, but not Mrs. Woolley Hart. Prince Henry of Pless, Sir Bolton Eyres-Monsell, and a perfect posse of the Corps Diplomatique were there.

MR. PEEPS

Woman to Woman

Newbury Races started with lovely weather, which is very unlike said meeting. All the usual collection were there, many of them attired in new spring suitings. Mrs. Arthur Smith-Bingham, all in nigger-brown, was walking about with Captain Geoff. Harbord. Top marks for good looks on the first day go to Mrs. Heyworth Savage, who had brought Miss Ursula Seracold with her. We are told that the latter has taken to the films as a profession. On the second day, quite the best-looking person was Mrs. Alec Wilson, who wore nigger-brown and a large white Peter Pan collar. Mrs. "Boy" Wilson was there, of course. We noticed her talking to Mrs. Roger Peake, just back from India, in navy blue. Lord Rosebery had his step-son, Mr. Ronald Strutt, with him, and was probably delighted to see his horse win on the second day. The Duke of Gloucester came over from Tidworth on the Friday, and was at one moment seen with Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, who wore a green hat with her jaeger coat. Mrs. Peter Wiggin and Mrs. Duncan Mackinnon both wore tomato-coloured suits. The former had husband in tow, the latter had not. Mr. and Mrs. "Johnny" Dewar were together—she in navy blue and silver foxes, with a white chiffon handkerchief flying from her pocket. They brought Mrs. Dewar's sub-deb daughter with them.

Mrs. Armstrong-Jones and Lord Rosse, lunching at the Ritz the other day, were not alone, they were with another couple.

(Continued on page iv)

"Riding Over Hill and Dale"

The Grafton Point-to-Point

Mrs. Margesson's car was grandstand for a big party during one of the races. On the left is Lady Warwick; front row, Captain Cleeve, Mrs. Margesson, Lady Betty Montgomerie; and the group behind includes Major Lyon

Miss Wilson and her brother, J. W. Wilson, talking to Mrs. Guy Lucas and Major Jack Aird. Major Aird's Hector IX won the Adjacent Hunts Ladies' race

A Grand-Stand View

Above: a close-up on the ground of two of the grandstand audience—Lady Warwick sitting on the lunch basket, and Mrs. Margesson, whose Lo and Behold won the fourth race of the day

Left: the Hon. Mrs. Crichton talking to Miss Jean Crichton in the middle of a crowd

Extreme left: Captain Head and Lady Helena Fitzwilliam were at the point-to-point, which was held near Selverstone

London Socials at "Roman Scandals"

The First Night of Eddie Cantor's New Film

Above: the Hon. Mrs. Piers Leigh, the Hon. Mrs. Charles Winn and Lady Grenfell were three of the very smart audience who watched Eddie Cantor uproariously gallivanting about in Ancient Rome

The Hon. Mrs. John Barran was all in velvet, with enormous earrings and a necklace of the type that she and her sister have always liked. She went to the Cantor film with Captain John Drury Lowe

Lady Juliet Duff and Mr. David Pleydell-Bouverie, a cousin of Lord Radnor, were in the audience

Below: Lady Dudley and Lady Morvyth Benson, who was well be-gardenia-ed, both got the light in their eyes when their photograph was taken. Their escorts to the Leicester Square Theatre were Mr. Michael Colefax and Capt. Arthur de Lissar

Above are Miss Mary Dawson and Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger arrayed in velvet cloaks; they were with Captain Geoffrey Courtenay and Mr. G. Pollard

Yet more velvet, in the shape of a high-necked, close-fitting coat, was worn by Lady Moira Combe (right), who went to see the film with her husband, Col. Peter Combe

Left: Mr. Michael Arlen, the Hon. Mrs. Richard Norton, Mrs. "Mike" Wardell and Capt. Richard Norton arriving at the theatre

Left: Lord Furness and his good-looking wife were another married couple who went to the film together

Above: Sir Victor Warrender, who had escaped from the House of Commons, was with Mrs. Archie Campbell

Boating off Majorca

Fishing in Ireland

The Hon. David Hely-Hutchinson and Miss Barbara Wyld, who are engaged, on their way home from trout-fishing on the Suir, near Knocklofty, Co. Tipperary

Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., and Gertrude Lawrence went to Majorca before starting rehearsals of their husband-and-wife parts in Philip Lever's play, "The Winding Journey"

The Spring Meeting at Newbury—

Lord Portman and Lady Sybil Phipps, the Duke of Buccleuch's second daughter, walking round at Newbury in the hot spring sunshine

Top; Mrs. Curzon Howe and Sir Kenneth Gibson, who lives near Newbury. Below: Major Beatty, Lord Beatty's brother, and Miss Roche

—And at Musselburgh

Lady Anne Hope and Lady Daphne Finch-Hatton made a nice-looking couple when they were together at the Edinburgh Meeting

Out of Doors

Making the Most of the Sunshine

Below: Miss "Billie" Yorke, Miss Kathleen Stammers, and Mrs. Fearnley-Whittingstall at the Herga Club, Harrow, where they played in exhibition matches in aid of charity last week

Racing in Scotland

Above: Lady Bridget Douglas-Home, Miss Lambton, Mr. Johnston, Lady Isobel Douglas-Home, Lady Angela Scott, and the Hon. William Douglas-Home at the Edinburgh Spring Meeting at Musselburgh

Three Stars Play Charity Tennis

Golf by the Sea

Lord de la Warr and Miss Kathleen Garnham played together in the Open Mixed Foursomes for the Alexander Grant Cup, at Cooden Beach

A Point-to-Point in Northamptonshire

The Hon. Mrs. du Buisson, the Hon. Charles Mills and Lord and Lady Hillingdon at the Grafton Point-to-Point, which was held near Selverstone. Charles Mills is the Hillingdons' twelve-year-old son

Left: At the half-way stage in the Greenham Plate, at Newbury. Pantharch (6), Lambert (14), Barred Umber (7), Tiberius, Red Spinner (12), and Felton fighting for the lead in front of Mediæval Knight (head on left), Zelina (16), winner, and Moidore

Below: Two spectators seen at Newbury. Lady Margaret Hume (L.) and Miss Winifred Rennie

A Racing Reverie

Newmarket Again

By "Regular"

HERE we are, back at Newmarket again, and mighty pleased to be there; and, quite frankly, having paid Messrs. Weatherby a nice little cheque for £33—on behalf of the Mem and myself, I almost feel as if I 'd bought the place.

WHEN you come to think it over, though, Newmarket is rather less expensive than other courses I could mention. If we 're so minded, we can race there on twenty-nine days of the year, which works out at a trifle over ten bob a day each.

JUST in case there are still a few of you so gullible that you believe I write this article on the Monday morning of publication, I will tell you that I am writing this at the conclusion of the first day of the Craven Meeting. The cocktail-shaker is going just loud enough to drown an argument between Tommy Graves and "Guard-rail," otherwise all is at peace in this sleepy old town on the borders of Cambridgeshire and Suffolk.

I HAVE raced here Craven Week when the wind went right through you and out the other side, but to-day it was perfect, the most lovely spring day imaginable. Oh, to be a bookmaker, now that Spring is here!

THERE is no trainer who upsets the backer's apple-cart with greater frequency than Lord George Dundas, and in the Abbey Stakes he put across yet another of those long shots of his which result in punters like you and me having to write to Old Burlington Street and ask for time.

THERE didn't seem to be a penny for anything else except Lord Glanely's Naldera colt and Sir Wyndham Portal's Nigger Rhythm, but Lord George produced Sea Nymph, belonging to Lord Zetland, and put us all in the soup.

A YEAR ago, Michael Beary took me round the Aga Khan's Normandy Stud, and introduced me to a lovely yearling filly out of the flying wonder, Mumtaz Mahal, called Mumtaz Begum. She made her first appearance on a racecourse in this race, but she was obviously backward. She is sure to win races, though.

THE Spring Three-Year-Old Stakes was a great triumph for Basil Jarvis, who trained the first two, but here, again, backers took it on the chin. The winner, Homily, was splendidly ridden by dear old Steve, who is riding at the top of his form.

I AM very pleased with the Mem. On the way down I had a little tyre trouble, and in order to keep her quiet while Uncle Regular superintended two men changing the wheel, I gave her last year's Form Book. To my amazement, she discovered that Flying Spear met Windolite on a stone better terms than in their last race last year, and as kind Mrs. Vernet laid us 8 to 1, and Flying Spear won in a trot, there is no holding her at the moment. Flying Spear was ridden by Johnstone, whose first winner it was in this country. Johnstone has been out of luck, but I know him to be a great jockey.

IT isn't very often that a horse which starts at around about even money is offered at 7 to 1 in running, and then goes and wins; but this actually happened to Holyrood, the winner of the last race. So far was he behind the leaders at the Bushes, that most jockeys would have ceased to persevere. Gordon, though, never stops trying till the "all right" goes up, and Holyrood, running on with the greatest gameness, got up to win a sensational race.

I AM finishing this after Wednesday's racing, and everyone is talking of Campanula's smashing victory in the Column Produce Stakes. A week or so ago Jack Jarvis told a friend of mine that he trained the best filly since Sceptre; and after to-day's race I can well believe it.

AFTER the race, Joe Lawson said he did not think that any filly could possibly give Bright Bird 12 lb., which is tantamount to saying that Sir George Bullough's filly is a smasher. The race between Campanula and Bright Bird was worth going miles to see. Harry Wragg rode one of the most perfect races on the winner, while Dick did all that was possible on Lord Astor's colt.

THE weather, which had been glorious yesterday, broke with a vengeance this morning, much to the delight of all the trainers, and the chagrin of a number of stupid little women who wanted to patter about in thin shoes.

THE rain also enabled Mr. Marriott, the Mussolini of Newmarket, to close the Lime-kilns again. Mr. Marriott regards the Lime-kilns in the same way a careful host regards his Napoleon brandy—something to be used only on special occasions. A very light shower and these famous gallops are closed, frequently to the intense annoyance of a number of trainers with horses to work; but, although I have, on occasions, heard frightful threats of "what they 're going to do to Marriott," the Dictator continues to reign supreme.

CELEBRITIES in CAMEO

No. 47. Gerald Kelly, R.A.

Potted by Charles Gay Caricatured by Sirra

GERALD KELLY lives in Gloucester Place; and he has (after Gus Mayer, of Colnaghi's) the best private cellar in London—two reasons, therefore, why I must watch my G's and K's.

Well, Gerald Kelly is the first Old Etonian ever to become a Royal Academician. Moreover, he is the only man in the world to have *the first two pictures he ever painted* immediately hung in the Paris Salon, despite the fact that they were done on black canvas. As his name suggests, he is an Irishman, though not particularly proud of the fact, and a grandson of the founder of Kelly's Directory. His father was a clergyman—Vicar of St. Giles's, Camberwell. The original idea was that Gerald Kelly should become a clergyman too. However, he said he wanted to be a painter. Later on, he thought of being an actor, but his father decided that to be a painter was the lesser of two evils, although he considered that it meant his son's descent to the artisan class. The portrait that actually made his name and fortune was that of Mrs. Harrison, an elderly woman with a dozen children, which Sir Hugh Lane bought. The portrait for which he is probably most famous is that of Somerset Maugham in his first silk hat—painted in 1911, and bought by the Chantrey Bequest last year.

TO-DAY Gerald Kelly has iron-grey hair, a strong chin, horn-rimmed spectacles, a horror of make-up, and a delightful wife, whom he has painted over eighty times. He once completed a portrait—that of Peter Cleg—in two sittings. He files particulars of all his pictures, their size, and the length of time it took to do them. This year he is only showing portraits of men. One of them—that of Sir Almroth Wright—is likely to be the picture of the year. It shows Gerald Kelly at his most brilliant, and also his most thorough. What other leading painter would trouble to put in all the detail of bottles and test-tubes which form the natural background to the grand old man of inoculation?

In conclusion, Gerald Kelly has no patience with artists and authors who think that their calling entitles them to look or behave abnormally. There ought to be no difference, he thinks, between stockbrokers and the greatest painters alive. ("Great men are interested in food, drinking, and laughing.")

As a matter of fact, I have not often seen Gerald Kelly laugh. But the exquisite cooking and the peerless clarets you can expect at his house . . .

The Passing Picture Show

By Sydney Tremayne

Rudolf Forster as the Commander of the U-boat, in "Morgenrot," the German film that was banned last year and is now being shown at the Curzon Cinema

Fay Wray and Patsy Kelly as a bogus Countess and her amusing maid, in "The Countess of Monte Cristo," which is reviewed on this page

"Only Yesterday"

THE fact that Margaret Sullavan, who plays the chief part in this film, has been "hailed" as one of Hollywood's spectacular discoveries is strange and significant, especially as her début, unheralded and unadvertised, synchronised with that of Anna Sten, about whom the publicists have been busy for so long and whose personality and brand of beauty could be estimated easily to eclipse those of Margaret Sullavan. The truth about Miss Sullavan is that she looks *nice* (she is certainly not beautiful), that she acts with sincerity and natural emotion, and that she has an extremely poignant part in *Only Yesterday*.

Is it possible that both critics, who are naturally tired, especially at trade and Press shows at 10.30 a.m., and the public are growing blasé where spectacular blondes impersonating courtesans, of this or past centuries, are concerned, and are more responsive to the appeal made by ingenuous, wronged maidens and victims of true love?

The swing of the pendulum is inevitably from the bad, bold blonde to the woman who *is* an angel; from the woman who is "all things to all men" to the real heroine and innocent victim of love!

IN *Only Yesterday* John Boles is the man who, after one night of love with an exquisite and adoring girl, goes to the war and does not even recognise her when she comes to meet him and tell him that he is the father of her son. Well, well! He is well cast, because he is handsome and manly, and all those things, but gives the impression that he might almost be as stupid as that! But if he had not known her face, could he have forgotten the soft, Southern accent and individual intonation of Margaret Sullavan?

Years later, he meets the woman, who has always loved him, at one of those disgusting ballooney, paper-streamer galas which one hoped were vieux jeux even on the screen. Once more they have a night of love, but she does not tell him who she is. Dying, she writes him all the truth, and her letter prevents him from shooting himself because he is financially ruined. Fade-out on father and on—a prelude to another Sorrell affair?

At no point is there contact with reality or human action or reaction, but it is lovely fiction! Billie Burke and Reginald Denny supply welcome comedy relief, and the boy, unnamed on the programme, who plays the son is so good that he almost relates the unrealities to life.

"The Countess of Monte Cristo"

OPENS in a film studio. Fay Wray and Patsy Kelly are "extras" who get a call to play the parts of a Countess and her maid. Their "bit" is to drive up to a hotel in a luxurious car, the Countess wearing a magnificent fur coat, the car loaded with coronetted luggage. As they enter the hotel a flower-girl emerges and sings a sob song: she is the star. Fay Wray is desperate, because her boy-friend has lost his job and thrown her after it. She drives off the set, car, coat, baggage, and all, and eventually arrives at a hotel in Switzerland (?), and the studio scene is repeated in reality, only, as Mimi, the "maid," exclaims about the flower-girl, "She doesn't *sing*!"

The Countess, accepted at the value of the labels on her luggage, is "burgled." The burglar, whose personality is almost overstressed by Reginald Owen (becoming a most excellent farceur), gets nothing but studio "props," the Countess gets a complete outfit from the hotel, and the opportunity to philander with a mysterious and fascinating stranger—Paul Lukas, in one of his most suave and Continental impersonations. How well he moves! How well he speaks, and how little he means! Fay Wray piles artifice on artificiality, but is appropriate to this comedy and drama, well knit, and mounted with excellent comedy-angles, for which Patsy Kelly is chiefly responsible.

"Morgenrot"

THIS is the U.F.A. picture which, for some mysterious reason connected with censorship and political considerations, could not be shown last year. Now, by arrangement with Mr. Eric Hakim, the Marquis de Casa-Maury is showing it at the Curzon Cinema as successor to *Unfinished Symphony*. It is about the combat between the German submarines and British destroyers and Q-boats during the war. There are some magnificent pictorial effects and moments of real suspense, but *Morgenrot* is not as impressive nor as honest as the English Q-boat pictures. It suffers from verbosity and sentimental stress.

Doing as the Romans Didn't

Eddie Cantor's New Film

THE fantastic and absurd story of *Roman Scandals* matters not a jot. Eddie Cantor is bound to lead a complicated life in any film, whether he is in Spain, Rome, or just America. Gloria Stuart and Ruth Etting appear as Emperor's favourite and ex-favourite, and Eddie spends such of his time with them as is not taken up by foolery with statues, poison plots, and chariot-riding. The film, a Samuel Goldwyn production, is at the Leicester Square Theatre

Above: David Manners as Josephus, and Eddie Cantor at an early stage of his career in ancient Rome. He gets into trouble through boasting he's spent a night with the Empress Agrippa, when he really means her statue, and is put into the slave-market. Josephus buys him, frees him, and then the fun really begins, as these two fall in and out of bothers as fast as the screen can show them

Eddie Cantor in "Roman Scandals"

"Les Puellae"

Three of the beauties who are clustered luxuriantly about the film as blonde-wigged slaves and prisoners, Imperial waiting-women, and even as bow-and-arrow women. Busby Berkeley handles this side of the production with his usual spectacular skill

Like and Like

Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger and Miss Molly Bishop Draw Each Other

MOLLY BISHOP drew the picture above of Mrs. Robin d'Erlanger, wearing a neat dark-blue béret and stiff little veil. As soon as it was finished, Mrs. d'Erlanger got to work with a pencil herself, and a few minutes later produced the clever sketch of Molly Bishop on the left. She called it "The Biter Bit," and handed it over to her sitter, who had been busy on another picture and didn't know she was being drawn. Mrs. d'Erlanger is a talented person: she is very musical, sings a lot, writes a certain amount, and now we discover she can catch a very good likeness as well as everything else

Standing By . . .

A Weekly Commentary on One Thing and Another

By "The Bystanders"

The Reign of King Willow

IN a week or two the football boys will have scored their last goal of the season and tapped their last ankle, and cricket will be upon us again. Already the air is thickening with rumours. Mr. Jardine will captain England; Mr. Jardine will not captain England. Mr. J. H. Thomas has officially intervened on behalf of Empire Unity, or has not. Mr. Bradman is under doctor's orders, or is as fit as a fiddle. The Australian cricketers are having high jinks on their liner, or are going to bed every evening at half-past seven and are tucked in by Mr. Woodfull. You can get every kind and variety of rumour that you like. If you believe them all, that 's your affair, not ours. A friend of ours, a Mr. E. W. Swanton, who writes the cricket notes in an evening contemporary, seems to have made the somewhat startling announcement that Surrey are going to play their matches at the Oval this year on matting wickets. At least, he has not said so in so many words, but he would definitely seem to have implied it when he wrote the other day: "It is clear that Surrey are not letting the grass grow under their feet." We wonder what chemicals they are using to prevent the grass from growing. And how very odd the Oval will look from the top of the tram as we rush every morning from the neighbourhood of Camberwell Baths to our daily grindstone.

Empire Chat

THE latest cable about the internal affairs of our far-flung (technical term) Empire comes from Nottingham. And rightly so. For it is at Nottingham that the immediate destinies of the Empire will be decided. The British Commonwealth of Nations, sweethearts, is a very tricky institution. Sometimes it is cemented by little affairs like the Canadian attack on Vimy Ridge, by the Australian defence at Villers Bretonneux, by the South Africans at Delville Wood, by the New Zealanders at the Butte de Warlencourt, or by the Newfoundlanders on the Ancre. At other times the blood-brotherhood appears to require a seven per cent. rebate on squeaking teddy-bears, or a thirty per cent. quota on artificial knee-caps, as at Ottawa. While to-day we are faced with the ghastly prospect of the smash-up of a great political and sentimental organisation, if an ex-miner called Larwood finds that he has sufficiently recovered from an operation to bowl really fast on the leg-stump with five fieldsmen close-in on the leg-side.

No wonder all eyes are on Nottingham, where Mr. Larwood is experimenting with his feet and his stout right arm.

"Hey! Can you see anything in my eye?"

Disarmament

A REAL step forward has been taken, writes our League of Nations expert, in the Disarmament situation. France is prepared to consider German re-armament. And if that makes your little brains go all staggering, we don't blame you, because it makes ours feel a bit queer, and ours are of a very considerable magnitude. But the position may, perhaps, be clarified by the simple statement that Britain is offering to accept the principle of the idea of a guarantee if France, in return, will guarantee the idea of the acceptance of a principle. In the meanwhile, all eyes are fixed upon Bankok. (What do you say? Why are all eyes fixed upon Bankok? How on earth should we know? We are simply concerned with the passing-on of facts.)

A Great Producer

MR. HARLEY GRANVILLE-BARKER is coming back, after long retirement, to take an active part in theatrical affairs. His first production will be his own play, *The Voysey Inheritance*, at Sadler's Wells. We were too young, alas, to understand the great doings at the Court Theatre, in Sloane Square, when Shaw was stunning the town with his wit, and Mr. Granville-Barker was incomparably the greatest of British producers, and Lillah McCarthy (now Lady Keeble) was acting. Those must have been great days. We salute respectfully but enthusiastically Mr. Granville-Barker's return.

Afric's Moral Rand

THIS is an exceptionally clever caption; exceptional even for us. But we are in such a panic, lest its subtlety and beauty be not fully appreciated, that we must ask you all, sweet ones, to hum a few bars of "From Greenland's Icy Mountains." Got it? Splendid. Stand away from their heads, Sambo, and we 're off.

The point is that a Zulu girl recently

"That's enough of your lip"

appeared on the Rand, in Johannesburg, wearing shorts She was instantly seized by the gendarmerie and haled before the beak, who fined her five shillings. For, at all costs, the morals of the Rand must and shall be maintained. There have been, however, serious outbreaks of rioting among the girl's brothers and cousins, most of whom are in their third year at Balliol. Indeed, Oxford has been seething with excitement at this new insult to the city of dreaming spires and large trousers.

This Poignant Instant

DEAR Miss Wilhelmina Stitch has gone and left the *Daily Skitch*, and taken all her whimsiness across the road to Odham's Press. No longer will her Fragrant Minute, with all the tender joy that 's in it, bring lovely moments to our lives (as Haroun said about his wives), nor will those thoughts, like harebells, dance as fairy sunbeams do entrance us on our way to daily task. Miss Wilhelmina, all we ask is that you do not now enlist your faery sprites, your fays sun-kist, your visions peering through a mist, to help the jolly Bolshevist. Farewell, Miss Stitch, late of the *Skitch*.

The Old Pavilion

THE housebreakers are chipping away at the London Pavilion, and soon the burr of the cinema-machine and the mechanicalised voices of the latest stars will resound where once Marie Lloyd queened it, and Vesta Victoria, and Marie Loftus, and the kings were Will Evans and Arthur Prince, Charlie Coborn, George Robey, Dan Leno and many another. Where are the songs of yester-year? Who remembers "Father Wants the Cradle Back," or "The Railway-Station Sandwich"? And where is the back-chat? Mr. J. B. Booth has recorded somewhere that he heard a brisk exchange between Bessie Bellwood and a rival artiste, who was interrupting incessantly from the grandeur of a box. The final retort was Bessie's: "Well, your grandfather may have been a blooming Emperor, but your mother sold coke to the man who ran away with my aunt."

221 B.

WE hear that a Society has been founded to commemorate, in a couple of dinners annually, the fame of the immortal Sherlock. The members will

THESPÆANS

No. 30.—Place aux Dames

MAINLY METEOROLOGICAL

IF our Marie sought retirement
And would no more grace a show,
Though the theatre knew no Tempest,
It would surely get a blow.

BI-LINGUAL JOKE—TRÈS DIFFICILE!

So fine a mimic is Miss Ann
She 'll never be an "also-ran,"
And since she rightly earns much pelf,
I, were I Penn, would *plume* myself.

RUS IN URBE

Although I do not greatly care
For rural life and rustic fare,
Some sylvan joys I 'd miss if they
Weren't seen upon the stage to-day,
Since happy am I when I see
These four—Fields, Greenwood, Lorne, and Tree.

AUSTRALIAN PAPERS, PLEASE COPY

Since it 's truthful, I beseech you
To forgive this Cockney pun—
"All the nice girls love A. Seyler,"
When Athene is that one.

—AND ONE FOR THE ROAD

Though gladly we 'd do without *some*
Stars we know
Could we ever get on
Without sweet Yvonne
Arnaud?
Ah, no!

B. W.

"And please remember we do not approve of our announcers wearing fancy ties while broadcasting"

discuss at these dinners such abstruse points as the second name of John H. Watson, M.D.; whether Holmes was at Oxford or Cambridge (there is a strong school which favours Edinburgh University); did Moriarty actually exist?; where is the Saxe-Coburg Square from which the Red-Headed League collected its only member? And so on. The Sherlock Holmes Society, appropriately, is to hold its meetings in Baker Street.

That Tiresome Portland

REALLY, the Bridge authorities are being vexing. They are, really. We play most of our bridge at the Clerkenwell Almacks and Tricycling Club (such a happy little resort; you can rub shoulders, if you want to, with some of the finest tricyclists outside the three-mile radius), and we have evolved our own small conventions. For instance, there a call of one club in a high falsetto means "I hold the K.Q. of Spade and the Ace of Diamonds." A stuttering declaration of two Diamonds means, "Call four hearts if you have the ten of clubs," and so on. We had it all worked out. Two smart kicks on the left knee of partner meant "I have a Yarborough," and a sudden fit of sneezing (snuff provided by the Club) was a direct call for a three no-trumps. As a result of this highly-specialised bidding, we used to run our club entirely on the profits of playing with guests. And now the Portland Club has stepped in and said that it is against the rules and spirit of the game to tell your partner how many aces you have in your hand.

An Artemus Ward

IN an astonishingly exciting book on a Far-Western mining-camp, there is printed an Artemus Ward story that is new to us. After an extremely festive dinner, the famous wag got up and said, somewhat thickly, "Gentlemen, charge your glasses. I give you Upper Canada." The toast was drunk with acclamation, and then someone asked, "Why did you give us Upper Canada, Artemus?". The answer came very slowly and emphatically, "Because I don't want it myself."

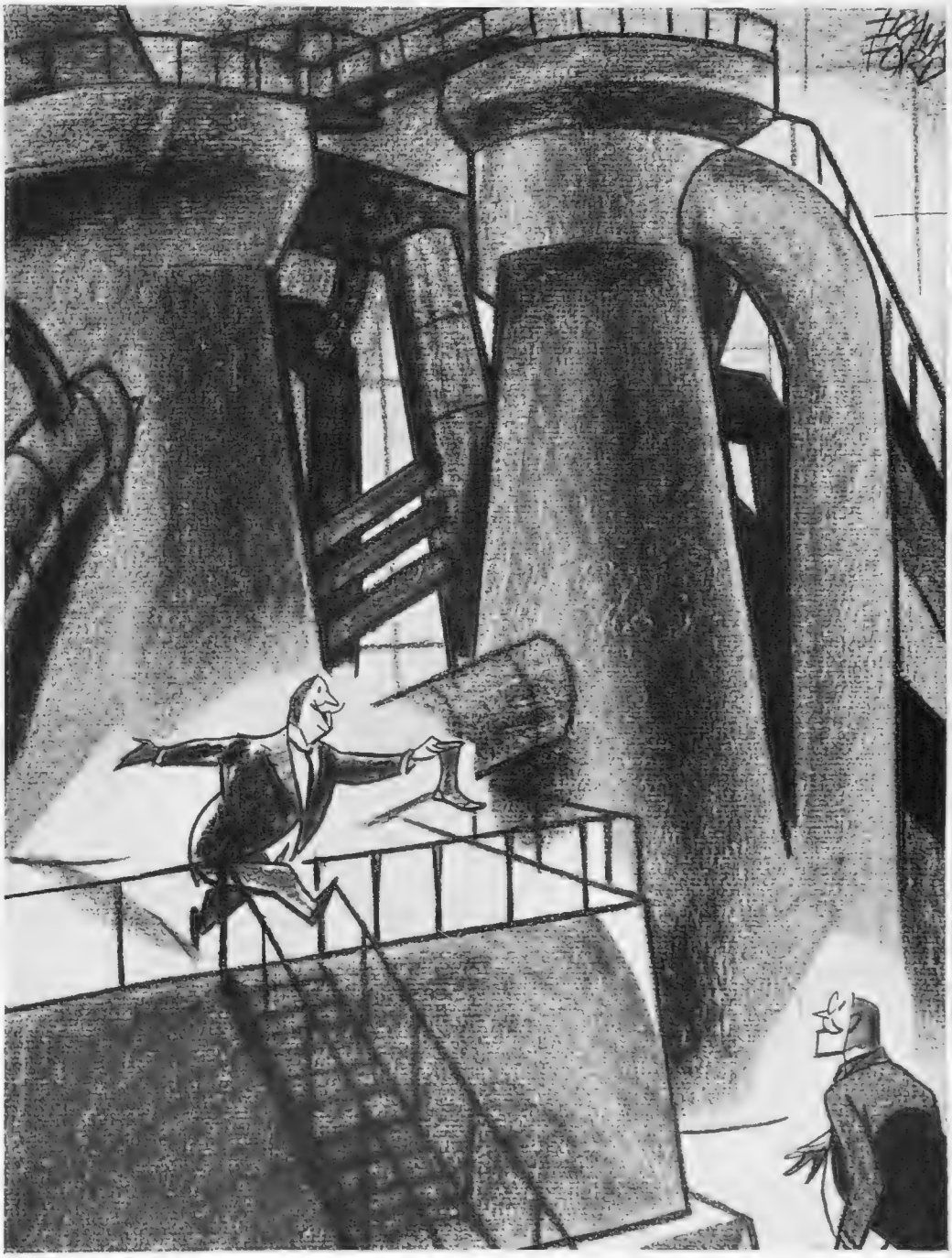
Hot News on Rocketry

THE Interplanetary lads are out again, and the sceptics, like ourselves, are running fast for cover. The notion is to shoot rockets about the place until at last one of them fetches up in Mars or somewhere. We have received the latest number of the Journal of the Society, and we can assure you that the Interplanetary lads have been busy since we last wrote about them. For instance, they have constructed a multi-nozzle, tandem-tank rocket. Another of these celestial missiles has a "special thrust augmenter." And an Austrian gentleman has prepared a lecture entitled "An Introduction to the Problem of Cosmonautics." What a beautiful word is Cosmonautics! It is true that to the purist it is a beastly word, for half of it is Greek and half Latin. But Rocketry has suffered a severe loss, and the world also, in the accident in Germany which killed Rocketist Angelika Buddenbohmer. Alas! poor Angelika. You had a name even more thrilling, even more euphonious than that French golf professional who was called Baptiste Bomboudiac.

Yogey, Yogey

EVER since that famous author, Mr. Yeats-Brown, announced to a startled world that he habitually stood on his head as part of his Yogi training, there has been much interest in this ancient form of—of—well, dash it, of whatever Yogi is. Now a book about it has been published, and we heartily commend it to all embryonic disciples. It is a book of infinite charm and lucidity. It puts the whole thing in a nut-shell, as, for instance: "Independently of our subsidiary personalities, one may say that all the representative elements, which constitute our primary personality, correspond to a desire (which as a matter of fact is but another aspect of it)." Isn't that exactly what we have been trying to drum into your pretty little heads for months? Of course it is. And again, we are confirmed by this book, which is obviously written by a highly intelligent person, in the maxim that we have been preaching for years, that "modern Science rightly connects the phenomena of *life* with physico-chemical phenomena." So please don't let us have any more letters contradicting us. Nirvana is "the *complete* unfolding of the personality," but, most unfortunately, there has been a slight hitch in our transport arrangements, and we have no Nirvanas to-day

THE BYSTANDERS.



"It knits, Peterson—it knits!"

Left: Lord Brougham and Vaux and Miss Jean Follett were in a supper-party at Monseigneur when the flashlight gave them that wide-awake look

Below: Lady Marguerite Bligh, wearing a red and silver dress, was with Count Manfred Czernen at the Café de la Paix, where Ronald Frankau has been singing in his public-school and pukka-sahib drawl

Flashlight in Their Eyes

Night Life

At Monseigneur and the Café de la Paix

Photos by A. V. Swaebe

Above: Another late-night view of Monseigneur selected Mrs. John Musker, who was dancing with Mr. Anthony Acton

Mr. John Barran, Lady Alington, Mr. Mark Ogilvie-Grant, and Miss Jungman at the Café de la Paix. Mr. Ogilvie-Grant was the host of a big party there. Behind is Zapelloni, looking down with his "Is everything all right?" expression

WHAT'S ON

A Guide to London Amusements—Theatres, Cinemas, Music—will be found on page B before the Frontispiece

LONDON NIGHTS

If you want to know where to go for Dinner, Supper and Dancing, turn to pages 175-9

Dreaming Youth

Antoinette Cellier in "Sixteen"

Dorothy Wilding

AS Irene Lawrence in "Sixteen," Antoinette Cellier, Frank Cellier's daughter, makes her second West End appearance, and the promise of talent and charm which was apparent in her first performance in "Firebird" two years ago is more than fulfilled. She plays with great delicacy and imagination the part of the young girl who idealises her dead father and adores her mother, and is bitterly hurt, bewildered and jealous when her mother (Fabia Drake) marries a second husband (Godfrey Tearle). "Sixteen" is by Aimée and Philip Stuart, and ran for two weeks at the Embassy before it came to the Criterion

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THE HILLMAN MOTOR CAR COMPANY LTD., COVENTRY

Westminster Whispers

Un-Parliamentary Asides

By

"Big Ben"

THERE are more people in lunatic asylums to-day than before the National Government came into office. I don't suggest—and no one else suggested in the House of Commons, where this valuable piece of information comes from—that it is a case of cause and effect. But there 's the truth; make what you will of it. This Government has done what it set out to do and what it said it was going to do. That is enough to give most people a shock. But no one is satisfied; we are all, as usual, asking for more.

Now that the Budget is done with, we can get on with the job. It is an edifying spectacle, incidentally, in the House on Budget Day. Every gallery full, every seat taken. And half the audience without the slightest idea what the Chancellor is talking about, or what he means. They only begin to understand when it is all over and they buy a paper on their way home. And yet, year after year, the House stages this rival to one of Mr. Cochran's first-nights.

IT is the one day when the Commons have something to hold their own with against the Lords at the Opening of Parliament. No tiaras or blaze of light, but there is more electricity in the atmosphere than there ever is in the Upper House.

WILL there be another Budget during the life of the present Government? It is a vital question for three-quarters of the House. The safe-seaters and the retirers alone don't have to bother their heads, consciences and pockets about the scrambles called Elections.

I SEE that Mr. Ratcliffe is one of the retirers. He prefers his castle to the Palace of Westminster. "Life is too strenuous as a business man and a Member of Parliament," he says. So he is to say good-bye to Leek and they must find another M.P. But, after all, Mr. Ratcliffe is not going to devote himself to business. He is to continue building his castle. "I am still working on the castle, and I enjoy it more than working at Westminster."

BUT is he surprised? He must have known in 1931 what he had let himself in for; Bills and not bricks; committees, not cornices. I fear his supporters will be disappointed. For years they have done their best with a succession of candidates. All went down before the invincible Socialist, Mr. Bromfield. Then a local man scrapes in by a thousand. And three years later he tells them it wasn't worth it.

THE National Labour Headquarters have produced a publication—suitably white—entitled *On the Home Front*. Whoever wrote it is an admirer of the Russian novel, or, perhaps, of Mr. MacDonald's. The sentences run on and on and on, sometimes making sense, sometimes not. There is a fine, meandering style about it all; which, on the outside, is classed as succinct. The National Labour Headquarters should buy a dictionary.

COLONEL MOORE-BRABAZON grows more terrifying every time he speaks. I don't know what is at the back of his mind. But he rates not only Ministers, but private Members as well. He is an able man—that is acknowledged, and he beats the tom-tom ceaselessly and unfailingly.

HE used to sit for Chatham, but after he was beaten in 1929, he went off to Wallasey, which Sir Burton Chadwick had made a safe seat. I hope Colonel Moore-Brabazon's independent air doesn't land him once again in the wilderness.

SIR HILTON YOUNG reminds one of the persistent spider. He has climbed right up again from the depths into which he had fallen. The Ministry of Health is no longer the receptacle of refuse. On the contrary, it is the Ministry of Ascent.

THE compensation for Mr. Walter Elliot's illness was having Mr. Ormsby Gore in action. The First Commissioner of Works doesn't have much of a chance to show the House what he can do. But, in fact, he is one of the more interesting Members of the Cabinet whom back-benchers have got to know off duty. If changes were to come about, I think Mr. Ormsby Gore might well be given a more spectacular office. There is nothing spectacular about him personally. He is almost drab, but his appearance belies his qualities.

E

The Drum Unmuffled

"Colonel Moore-Brabazon gets more terrifying every time he speaks . . . he beats the tom-tom so ceaselessly and unfailingly"

Second Thoughts on First Nights

"The Laughing Woman" (New Theatre)

If you liked *Richard of Bordeaux* because Miss Mackintosh (Gordon Daviot) turned a chapter in history into a conversation piece, you are certain to get a great deal of quiet, æsthetic pleasure out of *The Laughing Woman*. Here is a study in the artistic temperament, full of deliberate evasions, which turns a gentle, under-emphatic shoulder on theatricality. Mercurial artists struggling with art for art's sake in some bare, unlovely studio can generally be relied on for a salvo of Bohemian fireworks. The Daviot way declines these dramatic high-spots, even to the verge of negation.

The play draws on the real-life story of Henri Gaudier, the sculptor, and Sophia Brzeska for inspiration, but professes to go no farther with biography. It is a nice point where portraiture ends and imagination begins.

What exactly were the relations between René Latour and Ingrid Rydman, after they left Paris to work together in London as brother and sister, and when their idyll changed into passion, if it ever did, is never categorically revealed. What the young French sculptor (who hated France and yet, at the first stirrings of 1914, rushed back to enlist, and was killed a year later, leaving behind a statue of a laughing woman for posterity to gauge his genius) and the Swedish girl (with thrifty protective instincts butting queerly into her urge to write a great work on philosophy) wholly meant to each other is a matter for spiritual assessment.

That is the elusive essence of the play and, thanks to the hyper-sensitive and brilliantly sustained acting of Stephen Haggard and Veronica Turleigh, most of its enchantment. René's boyish gaiety, optimism, impetuosity—all the qualities to which Mr. Haggard gives the sharpest edges—Ingrid's Nordic depths, slow currents in a vital stream, these qualities emerge on tip-toe, as it were, from little humorous scenes of hugger-mugger comradeship, jealousy and quarrels.

The idyll not only dodges the issue of a grand passion: its pathetic end declines to be so much as a minor tragedy. When René goes to the war there is no heartbroken farewell, no drama. The same indirect finger of restraint points the significance of Epilogue and Prologue. Here the scene is a modern art gallery where a woman in black keeps all day her silent vigil by the bust of the Laughing Woman. But even in this footnote Ingrid's sorrow is in shadow. The inscription to the statue ("By René Latour, Sergeant of French Infantry, who was killed . . .") diverts our pity from the sorrowing woman to the tragedy of immortal genius cut short by war.

Any less spiritual and sensitive actress than Miss Turleigh would have made me impatient at the play's lack of definition. Her face, her every pose, her accent and slow speech—everything about her is tragic and Swedish and intensely real. Even so, I fretted a little to know just how the lovers stood, for I cannot see why the spiritual heights of great love should be lost in obscurity and reticence.

It was clever of the author to work in a handful of mixed types—art dealers, critics, journalists and bourgeoisie—bordering on mild caricature, for they added to the illusion which the central figures gave of being real people.

TRINCULO.

That little ray of sunshine, Ingrid Rydman (Veronica Turleigh) provides René Latour (Stephen Haggard) with the material for his famous "Laughing Woman," a bust of herself

The rift within the Bohemian lute. Leueen MacGrath as "Miss Berkeley Square," alias Hazel Graham, demonstrating the power of artistic imagination!

"The Laughing Woman": Sketches by Rouson

The Aero Golfing Society Cup

Above: C. R. Fairey at the end of his finish

Above: Flight-Lieut. J. N. Boothman reaching out on the tee

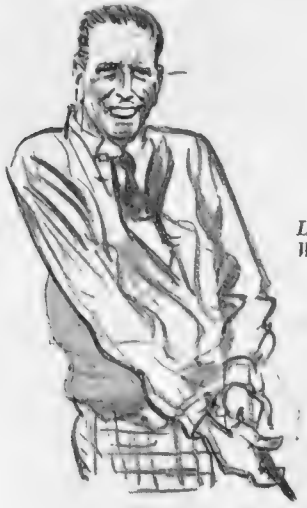
Right: The Hon. Brian Lewis with bag and flag

Right: F. Handley-Page putting in some good iron work

Above: Sq.-Leader P. C. Wood slashing

Above: Flight-Com. E. M. Morris

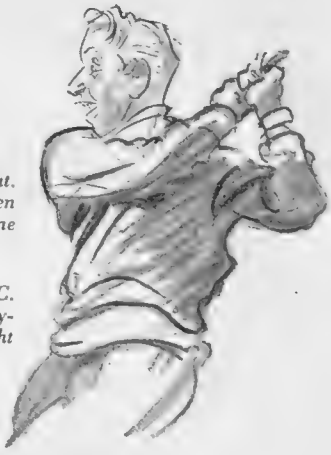
Flight-Lieut. Massey Hylton stymied by Lieut.-Colonel W. A. Bristow in mass formation



Left: A. J. A. Wallace Barr

Right: Flight-Lieut. C. B. Wincott seen falling back on one

Left: Sq.-Leader E.C. Emmett puts one sky-high in full flight



H. H. Harris finds some victims at Felixstowe in the Match between the Aero Golfing Society and Martlesham and Felixstowe

Paul Schoeffler, who is singing at Covent Garden this year, with his wife and two-year-old son, Peter. He is a baritone, belongs to the Dresden Opera, and will sing in Strauss's new opera, "Arabella," among others. His wife is English, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Lubbock

Music (and all That)

Sir Edward German—Gold Medallist: By "Melos"

SIR EDWARD GERMAN receives this week the gold medal of the Royal Philharmonic Society. This remains a big distinction, in spite of the rather quaint assortment of composers, singers, executants, etc., who have been thus honoured, and Sir Edward joins a company a few of whom are more eminent than himself, but the majority rather less so.

If the music of German never penetrates very deep, it is always musicianly, delightfully neat and graceful and charming, and full of melody. As a composer of incidental music for the theatre the late Norman O'Neill was his only rival; the dances from *Henry VIII.* and *Nell Gwynne* were best-sellers many years ago and are still played. I wish someone would revive his *Tom Jones*, *Merrie England* and *A Princess of Kensington*. Old musical comedies, for the most part trashy in every way, are constantly being revived—we are shortly in for another batch—but German's work is true light-opera and would stand a far bigger chance of success. Not for nothing has he been called a second Sullivan.

NOW that the week-ends, officially, at least, are growing more summery, the Beecham Sunday afternoon concerts are discontinued, to be revived later on in the year. There is no doubt that they have been vastly successful. Lady Cunard and her group of what in America would be known as "socialites," have worked indefatigably in the way of seeing that seats have been sold, another effect of her activity being the fact that Covent Garden is practically sold out for the coming season, which stands every chance of ending financially on the right side.

I sometimes hear sneers about this social backing of musical enterprises, but Heaven above knows what they would do without it. Here we have no subsidy for music and no prospect of ever getting one, and if music were not supported by moneyed individuals, tactfully goaded into the job, there would be precious little, particularly in the way of opera, available. What the disgruntled semi-Bolshies do not seem to realise is that the less wealthy are thus able to hear the best music at reasonable prices. The B.B.C. covers some ground, but not enough.

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, at the last of his L.P.O. concerts, brought to life again a rather moth-eaten Rossini overture which I have always associated with the ends of piers, and country flower-shows. He made it effervesce until it seemed, if not vintage champagne, first-rate sparkling muscatel, pleasing to the palate. Bronislaw Huberman played the Tchaikowsky Violin Concerto, which, in spite of its fine sweeping tunes, had been on the shelf for some little time, ousted by the more austere Brahms.

M. Huberman mastered its staggering difficulties, which were increased by the fact that towards the end he broke a string. Instead of, in the usual fashion, snatching another instrument from one of the first fiddles, he finished his task on three strings. Stupendous! M. Huberman also, I noticed, used two bows. Not, of course, at the same time. He parked one of them on the conductor's stand, within a few inches of Sir Thomas's heels. However, the breaking of the string was the only disaster.

THE viola is, quite undeservedly, one of the most obscure instruments in the orchestra. Many people do not know what a viola is. Some think it is a sort of violet. Others connect it only with the Tree family. Healthy folk are always saying they are as "fit as a fiddle." I have never heard of anyone being as fit as a viola. It is good, therefore, that young Willie Walton has written a viola concerto—an interesting work—and good, too, that the B.B.C. have included it in a symphony concert programme, with Mr. Bernard Shore as soloist.

Very little music has been written specifically for the viola, but we have the lovely Elgar concerto. There is an enormous family of violas, mostly obsolete, including the viola da gamba, the viola da braccio, the viola di bordone, the viola da fagotto, the viola pomposa, the viola da spalla, the viola alta, the viola d'amore, and the viola bastarda. The last two do not seem very respectable members of the family.

Clemens Krauss is coming from Vienna, where he is one of the conductors of the State Opera, for the season at Covent Garden. Among other operas, he will conduct Strauss's opera "Arabella," which will be given for the first time in England about the middle of May

I HAVE been looking through the *Recollections*, published this week (George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.), of that great Russian composer and superb pianist, Rachmaninoff. They give, among other things, a curious insight into Bolshevist mentality and prove that the Soviet's boast of culture is bounded entirely by considerations of propaganda.

Rachmaninoff was in his flat in Moscow when the revolution broke out. He managed to leave Russia, one of the hated "bourgeoisie," but was deprived by the Bolshies of all his property and all his money, except a few roubles for travelling expenses. Shortly afterwards, the Leningrad Conservatoire forbade the study of any of his works.

Nice fellers.

And Still They Come — More Debs of 1934

Left: Miss Pansy Bonham-Carter is the eldest daughter of Major A. L. Bonham-Carter, D.S.O., and Mrs. Bonham-Carter. Her mother, who is presenting her, is giving a dance for her later on at her home down in Hampshire

Right: Miss Diana Buxton is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Leland Buxton, a niece of Lord Noel-Buxton, and a cousin of Sir Thomas Buxton. Her home is at Theydon Bois, Essex

Hay Wrightson

Miss Pansy Bonham-Carter

Bertram Park

Miss Diana Buxton

Bassano

Miss Ursula Watson

Miss Ursula Watson, a Scottish débutante, is the elder daughter of the Hon. Ronald and Mrs. Watson, of Clarendon Crescent, Edinburgh, a granddaughter of the late Lord Watson, and niece of Lord Thankerton,

Hay Wrightson

Miss Anne Brocklehurst

Left: Miss Anne Brocklehurst is the elder daughter of Sir Philip and Lady Brocklehurst, whose place is the lovely Swythamley Park, Stafford

Right: Miss Honor Pollock is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Pollock, of Onslow Square. Her mother is giving a dance for her on July 10th. Her father is a cousin of Lord Hanworth, the Master of the Rolls

Bertram Park

Miss Honor Pollock

In circle below: a scene from "Three Sisters," the new musical play at Drury Lane, showing Victoria Hopper as Mary, Charlotte Greenwood as Tiny, Adèle Dixon as Dorrie, and Elliot Makeham, who plays the part of their father, Will Barbour, an itinerant photographer

"Indoor Firework

"Sporting Love," at the Gaiety

Jenny Dean as Nellie Grey and Stanley Lupino as Percy Brace in this "musical horse play." They are shown meeting for the first time. Stanley Lupino is an old favourite, and Jenny has made herself a new one

"Three Sisters," at Drury Lane

Albert Burdon and Esmond Knight as George Purvis and Gypsy Hood, the two concert-party performers who figure prominently in this new and spectacular musical comedy by Oscar Hammerstein and Jerome Kern

Sasha

"The Laughing Woman," at the New Theatre

Theatrical Successes of the Season

A Mixed Bag of Musical Comedy, Farce, Drama and Costume

" at the Aldwych

Fay Compton, who plays the part of an actress, and Mary Brough, her cook, as they appear in the above farce, in which quarrels and back-chat between relatives provide much of the humour

Below: George Grossmith, who has lately taken the place of Balliol Holloway, and Lesley Wareing, in "The Country Wife," at the Ambassadors Theatre. This naughty Restoration play, for which Wycherley went to France for the idea, was first produced in 1673. It has achieved a longer run as a revival in 1934

"The Country Wife," at the Ambassadors

Left: a scene from "The Laughing Woman," by Gordon Daviot, at the New, which, despite its title, is a serious play. Veronica Turleigh and Stephen Haggard, who take the parts of an artist and a girl who "mothers" him, have had the opportunity of revealing their cleverness—and taken it

"Good Morning, Bill," at the Saville

Winifred Shotter, who takes the part of the lady doctor in the revival of this farce by P. G. Wodehouse, founded on an Hungarian original produced in 1927. This is the first of a series of "P.G." plays; the others, which will follow in due course, will be written entirely out of the author's own head

"Counsellor-at-Law," at the Piccadilly

Left: Hugh Miller, as George Simon, the counsellor-at-law, and Elspeth Duxbury, as Regina Gordon, his devoted secretary, in "Counsellor-at-Law," at the Piccadilly. This play, by Elmer Rice, America's best dramatist, with its clever character-drawing and interesting story, is not one which should be missed

Vandamm

Shots from "Only Yesterday"

Shine Out, New Star . .

The Advent of Margaret Sullavan

THE claim made for Margaret Sullavan that she is *the* new star of 1934 is to be taken much more seriously than most of the publicity shouts that herald or accompany a Hollywood discovery. Publicity she had, of course, before her first film, *Only Yesterday*, was shown at the New Gallery, but that has been forgotten since the critics have given utterance to their sober, considered and unspectacular admiration of her performance. In fact, it 's not as a star, but as an actress that she 's been judged, and that is the highest compliment payable to a film discovery. The intelligence, reality and moving quality of her playing in *Only Yesterday* are the more remarkable in that the story of the film is an improbable one and only narrowly removed from the wildly sentimental. Before she was chosen by Carl Laemmle to appear opposite John Boles, she had done no screen-work, but had played in *Dinner at Eight*, in New York, as well as in other plays on tour

Bystanders in "the House"

A Stock Exchange Note-Book

Chatter by "Junk" Caricatures by "Jonk"

Harry Creswick

THE Stock Exchange as an institution may contribute little to the betterment of the world conditions, may even, as the Socialists like to say, be a parasitical growth on the financial and industrial life of the country, and stock-broking and jobbing may be sordid, money-grubbing professions, but at least the parasitical money-grub is generous, and has an open purse for charitable appeals. Charity begins everybody knows where, and "home" in this case, is the Stock Exchange Benevolent Fund. The stewards and their chairman are nearing the end of the collection that is made every year for the benefit of less fortunate colleagues. Something around £60,000 is regularly collected, and every penny of it is needed. The fact that this sum remains pretty constant, in bad years as in good, speaks well for the faithfulness of members to their pet charity.

A CHAIRMAN of the Fund is appointed annually, and he chooses ten stewards, who are the collectors, and who are divided equally between jobbers and brokers. It is considered no small honour to be chosen as a steward, for the invitation obviously implies the possession of both popularity and tact. This year the Chairman is Eustace Mordaunt, one of the Trustees and Managers, and very well known and well liked, especially in the brewery market, where he is a jobber.

THE gilt-edged market has Harry Creswick as its representative. He is sure of a good round-up, as the market has a nice year's run of business to its credit. Jonk's drawing of him as a humming-bird is not inspired by his brilliant plumage, nor by any startling musicality on his part, but by the fact that, in good times and in bad, when he is contemplating his book, he doesn't exactly burst into song, but gently hums to himself. Not any special melody—he just hums.

HUGH GRACE, of the gold-share market, appeared on this page around Christmas time, when carols sung to "the Vicar" were part of the season's festivities. There 's plenty of money in his market, too, to help on his "plate," and his quiet, polite and persuasive manner is hard to resist. Harry Dunnell is in the home rails market, and is in partnership with C. R. Jacomb, a member of the Committee, so he has at least thirty important persons to give his list a good start. He always wears an eye-glass (as in his picture), and wears it as only permanent users of the single window can. There are lots of monocles in the House, not, as one might think, because people fancy that they add a certain something to the appearance, but because they really are the quickest way of bringing help to the weaker eye.

Councillor Percy Hamilton-Hughes, the coaching expert, is collecting in the industrial market. He is always ready to attend to any matter that concerns the happiness or comfort of his fellow-creatures, and has a warmly charitable heart. Henry Pearson made a notable appeal by writing with his own hand to every member he knows personally. This is a unique and painstaking effort in these days of typewriters and rubber-stamp signatures, and deserves a generous response.

Harry Dunnell

LORD GUILFORD'S son, Lord North, is a broker who was once a jobber, so he ought to know both sides of the House, which is a help. Ronald Schweder is another broker. He has, by the way, an attractive daughter who is getting married next week. Peter Harris is in a big firm, with nine partners, so he, too, is sure of a good start from the other eight. And, completing the list of "beggars" are Leslie Bibby, the fifth jobber, and Robert Fairney, the fifth broker.

DREAMILY gazing round the House one afternoon, after too good a lunch, and idly watching people deal, the thought came drifting into our minds that a jobbing-book, drab and unexciting as it may look, is really a most romantic book of history. It may, and from time to time probably does, contain records of some of the most exciting moments of its owner's life—the taking of great risks, the achievement of stirring triumphs, and the perpetration of a few devastating "flops." And the exteriors are as varied as the interiors, and as typical of the owners—tattered and well-worn, new, neat and meticulously entered up, clothed in plain black and brown, or cheerful red and blue, or impressively pigskin-covered and embossed with an initial or two. Not yet has a coronetted book proclaimed its owner a peer, but that may come.

ONE firm's brightly-coloured books adorning the pillar by their stand are gay enough to cheer the most bearish passer-by. A. N. Rickett always carries a nice, red volume around with him. George Tozer generally has both book and pencil at the ready. But there are brokers who do not have a book at all; they just produce a slip of paper on which is written their order, and on this they make a note of the firm they dealt with and the price. Sometimes, as Colonel Dillon does, they add to the glory of the transaction by recording it with a gold pencil. But we are convinced that the most effective of all methods is to stroll up to a stand, converse lightly with the senior partner, and then stroll away, having done some stupendous bargain without writing anything down at all. John Todd 's a man to watch to see this method put into practice. Finally, for a view of dealing at its most frequent, one might follow Cyril Woodrow round the House: he always seems to have an inordinate amount of business to get through.

Lord North

Sport with the Lid Off

By "Mark Over"

Miss Dorothy Round and Miss Mary Heeley, who reappeared at the Melbury Tournament last week after their overseas tour. Both have become adherents to shorts for women

I DON'T know whether you saw the message from Berlin the other day—a significant message which told us that "German sportsmen have decided that the honour of the Third Reich demands that Germany should secure all the premier world awards at the Olympic Games in Berlin in 1936."

Not only have our German friends made this momentous and somewhat arrogant decision, but with their usual thoroughness they have set about ransacking the nation for undiscovered talent. The search for the unknown sportsman, they call it, and they are solemnly testing over 90,000 enthusiasts—cyclists, runners and walkers. There is an official known as the Reich Sports Minister, who will broadcast on the subject, and for the next week or two intensive sporting propaganda will be disseminated by wireless, cinemas and newspapers.

The first thing that strikes the impartial observer of this somewhat comic scene is that there now seems to be no point in holding the Olympic Games at all. We might as well hand over the premier awards to the Germans right away, and have done with it. Second, and more important, is the reflection that it is high time these games were stopped altogether if national honour is to be so seriously involved. Really, the whole situation is rather disturbing, and I have an idea that there will be uneasy minds at the Foreign Office when the implications of the German attitude are realised.

One thing is certain—other European nations will not take this German challenge lying down. You can imagine how feverishly the French Ministry of Sport will set about producing invincible champions, and it is not to be supposed that Signor Mussolini will complacently envisage his Blackshirts running into second or even third place. There will, in short, be a tension about the 1936 Games which will effectively turn them from an athletic meeting into a battle-ground.

If our European neighbours like this sort of thing, well and good, and I do not doubt that America and Japan will join in the scrap with the utmost eagerness. I do submit, though, that the German attitude is a straw in the wind which we should be foolish to disregard.

I HAVE always been rather suspicious of the Olympic Games, on the ground that they may so easily lead to bad feeling when tension is high, and men are trained to the last ounce, and therefore nervous and irritable. Douglas Lowe and Bevil Rudd, however, have assured me that the meetings do promote international good will, and if that is true I have nothing against them. This time, though, I am not so sure. I see trouble looming ahead, and I cannot help thinking that Great Britain would be well out of it all. Let us hold British Empire

Major Trevor, of Glanwye, with the 43-lb. salmon he caught in the Glanwye Waters on the River Wye, a record during the last thirty-five years. With him is Captain Stephen Trevor, his nephew, who gaffed the fish

games, but surely we should be wise to keep away from the dog-fight in Berlin.

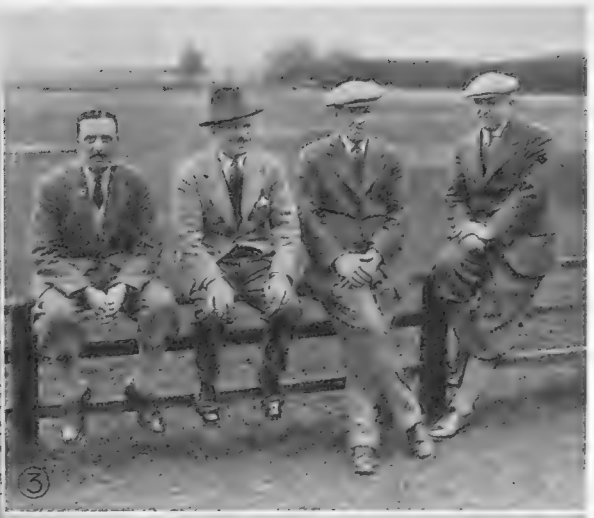
One more point—these European nations, with their Sports Ministers, approach games from an angle which we shall never understand. They see in every British defeat, whether in an international match or a friendly affair between football clubs, a decline in British prestige and power. We are judged as much in popular estimation by our ability to hit or kick a ball as by our ability to pay our debts, regardless of the fact that sport with us is still, thank heaven, to a large degree a matter of pleasant relaxation. Let us therefore, say I, keep out of the racket while we may, and continue to enjoy games in our own way, and preserve the remnants of our sense of humour. The Third Reich can collect all the pots it wants for the excellent purpose of bolstering up its national esteem; in the meanwhile, let's run and jump because it gives us pleasure so to do.

INCIDENTALLY, the cricket season is under way—I have seen the sight-screens out on Twickenham Green, and in my own village there is great activity of an evening. What is more, we await with bated breath the arrival of the Australians, poor wretches—I call them that, because never have a decent body of men been so violently thrust into the limelight. It will be very tiresome for them, this barrage of publicity, and they 'll get mighty sick of saying, "We aren't allowed to give any interviews."

I 'm told that Mr. Bushby, their manager, is a very pleasant and capable man. He 'll need to be all that, and a considerable diplomat into the bargain, though I can assure him that the most friendly of welcomes awaits him and his team. I think the Australians will be impressed by their reception at the British Sportsman's Club luncheon at the Savoy next Monday, and I hope they will take that large gathering as thoroughly representative of the sporting community in the Old Country.

I hope to meet them less formally that same evening, and it will be interesting then to hear their impressions. I hope I shall find that any doubts which may have been aroused in their minds by sensation-seeking journalists during their voyage will finally have been put to rest. Harold Larwood, by the way, is holding secret tests at Nottingham as I write. What a fuss certain newspapers have been making about it, too, and what nonsense it all is.

Finalists in the Cromer Covered Court Tournament. Miss Freda Scott (right), champion of Suffolk, and Miss Audrey Wright, the left-handed champion of Norfolk, whom she beat after a close match



Golf Clubs at Home

Medal Day at the Bedfordshire Golf Club

(1) L. E. H. Roberts (Captain), E. Hastings Dasent (President), and Captain F. C. Keane (Secretary). (2) A. J. Roberts and Oswald Horn (Chairman of Green Committee). (3) A. C. M. Dymock, B. E. Davis, W. M. Payne (member of Committee), and H. E. Oldrey. (4) H. A. Henderson, Brig.-General L. C. P. Milman, and J. A. Heard (past Captain). (5) Granville Keane and Nicholas Keane. (6) W. E. Watson and Major R. W. Hornsby

(7) A. E. Warren and H. D. Gough. (8) M. D. Ednil and J. L. Adams. (9) F. H. Brown and E. Baxter. (10) Colonel W. P. Gwynn and Colonel C. M. T. Hogg. (11) H. Howitt and W. F. Grafton

Cambridge "Rugger" Missionaries in the U.S.A.

The Cambridge Rugby team went to America for a ten days' visit to show how the game is played over here. Above are Ian Greig, Ray Lord, Arthur Rees, Jack Griffiths, and Kenneth Roseveau indulging in practice previous to a match. The tour was a most successful one in every way

Howard Marshall on "Rugger"

Isolation for Ever!

I AM glad Cambridge had such a successful tour in America, but, although they won all their matches handsomely, it is a little disturbing to think what the results of their missionary endeavours may be. The accounts tell us that large crowds watched their games against Harvard, Yale, Princeton, and the Eastern Universities, and the critics have prophesied that Rugby football will be the spring game of America from now on.

In a sense, this is as it should be; it is pleasant to know that America appreciates the virtues of Rugby football, and there are those who maintain that the outcome will inevitably be a closer understanding between the youth of the two nations. I am afraid, though, that in these matters I am an isolationist. I dread the prospect of International matches between Great Britain and America, a prospect which, in the long run, we shall most probably have to face.

I think, myself, that the bubble of international rivalry at sport has been pricked. This rivalry, to my mind, does more harm than good; it breeds bad feeling, and sets up strains and stresses which no amount of cant about the brotherhood of sport can dispel.

It would be unwise, I dare say, to generalise about it, and it may be that tennis-players and golfers and athletes have another story to tell. Rugby football, though, is a game with which it is impossible to take liberties, and needle matches invariably seem to produce friction. Think, for example, of the 1924 All Blacks' tour in this country, and the more recent visit of the Springboks, excellent fellows though they were individually, and the last tour of a British team in South Africa. Tension, incidents, wild cables, and an entirely disproportionate excitement induced by too much publicity—these are the stormy petrels which hover round touring teams, causing an atmosphere which is definitely injurious to the game.

IT is old-fashioned of me, I suppose, but I wish we could be left to enjoy our Rugby football in peace. If other countries want to take it up, good luck to them, but I see no reason whatever why we should be even mildly interested in their affairs. This is where the opposite school of thought sits up and takes notice. "But, my dear Sir," expostulate its champions, "surely you believe that it is Great Britain's duty to give the lead to the rest of the world in Rugby football, as in all other games?" I believe nothing of the sort. I know perfectly well that we have taught other nations to box and play "Soccer" and golf and tennis, but that seems to me entirely irrelevant. We taught France to play Rugby football, and the result has hardly been encouraging.

Why we should set ourselves up as sporting missionaries beats me entirely. We don't play games better than other people—nowadays, indeed, we lag considerably behind our own pupils—but we do play them our own way, according to our national temperament. We can never hope to persuade France and America and Italy, and all the rest of them, that Rugby football is merely a pleasant Saturday afternoon relaxation; they regard it as a desperately strenuous affair, in which victory is more important than the game itself. They may be perfectly right, and they are certainly entitled to their own outlook. All I say is that their outlook on Rugby football is not ours, and that they should, therefore, be left to develop the game along the lines which suit them best.

IT is for this reason that I am against resuming relations with France. I have no ill-will towards the French Rugby authorities, for I appreciate their difficulties, and wish them all success in their wholehearted endeavours to put the game in France upon a sound basis. They have, however, joined some kind of European federation, and that seems to me a perfectly logical and sensible move. Rugby football in Europe will obviously develop apace, and France may well take a leading part in this development. There, in fact, is France's Rugby future, and a useful and worth-while future it promises to be.

The European game, though, will not be Rugby football as we understand it. You may think that this is far-fetched, but I suggest that it will be Rugby so intensified, so speeded up, that it will, to all intents and purposes, become another game.

Quite apart, though, from my contention that we and our neighbours across the Channel will never think alike about Rugby, there is this to be considered. Already the game in this country is growing too solemn and serious; already there are, in my opinion, far too many representative matches and tours. The defection of France from the International Championship was in reality a great relief; it did ease the pressure a bit, and I cannot, for the life of me, see why we should contemplate entangling ourselves with France again. Possibly the day will come when we shall welcome the visits of French clubs—the Stade Français, for example, and the Racing Club—and enjoy our return visits to Paris. For all that, it is surely only a shallow kind of sentimental internationalism which suggests that the poor Frenchmen have tried very hard to put their house in order, and that it is our duty, for the sake of European amity, to play France again. A game has come to a pretty pass when we have to think about it in terms of diplomacy.

WHY not be honest—insular, narrow-minded, if you will—and say that Rugby football is a British game, and that we prefer to play it among ourselves? That is the truth, as it appears to me, and I think, with Dr. Johnson, that we should clear our minds of cant. Let France play Italy, Germany and Czechoslovakia—we have our hands full with the four Home Unions and the Dominions. Incidentally, though the implications of this may not be immediately obvious, I wonder whether there would be such a clamour to play France again if it were ruled that all matches between British and French teams should take place, not in Paris, but at, let us say, Dieppe?

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Bystanders at Parkstone

More pictures of Competitors in the Week-end Meeting for the "Bystander" £500 Golf Trophy

(5) A. E. Lewis Holloway and P. J. Urlin-Smith. (6) F. N. Mobbs and L. Godsell. (7) E. H. Coe and W. Warren. (8) J. Mayell, R. Kelly and B. C. Hunt. (9) E. N. Lesueur, the assistant Professional at Parkstone, and D. W. Turner. (10) D. K. Bourne and C. F. Frowd. (11) H. D. Winkworth and T. P. Martin. (12) W. J. A. Price and G. C. Kindersley Porcher

"The Bystander" Book Shelf

Mr. Priestley's Urban Ride: By A. G. Macdonell

MR. J. B. PRIESTLEY took his typewriter, a minimum of clothes, three books, some pipes, and a seat in a motor-coach, and set out to see England. What he saw he has written down in *English Journey* (Heinemann and Gollancz; 8*s.* 6*d.*). He began at Southampton and saw the old West Gate "through which the troops marched when they were on their way to Crécy and Agincourt," and worked thence westwards to Bristol, the city which once lived prosperously upon the iniquities of the slave trade but now sells Gold Flake cigarettes and Fry's chocolate to the world. Then Swindon, and then away from cities for a moment to the Cotswolds. But this dalliance with pastoral things could not last; it was only a momentary interlude before Mr. Priestley plunged into the smoking inferno of the industrial Midlands and North. Mr. Priestley, as might be expected, is at the height of his form when he is writing about the North, especially in his own West Riding. His sombre descriptions of the tragedies of unemployment are like the landscapes of the North Country—dark, grim, full of power and strength, and lit up suddenly from time to time with a fierce glare, as if from a blast-furnace that comes smashing its way through the gloom. As if to intensify the sombreness of it all, Mr. Priestley throws in a chapter on a re-union dinner in Bradford that is one of the most superb and devastating attacks on the folly of war that I have ever read. "The men who were boys when I was a boy are dead. Indeed, they never even grew to be men. They were slaughtered in youth; and the parents of them have gone lonely, the girls they would have married have grown grey in spinsterhood, and the work they would have done has remained undone." And nothing could be a more terrible indictment of the present chaos to which that war has brought Europe than Mr. Priestley's descriptions of the areas that have gone derelict. Rusting ship-yards, skilled craftsmen steadily losing their skill and long since enveloped in a fog of despair, tumbling warehouses, hideous slums, and an atmosphere of irretrievable hopelessness. *English Journey* is more than a piece of splendid writing and acute observation. It is a tract against our industrial lunacy that will live as long as Cobbett's Rural Rides. Priestley's Urban Ride is a great book.

MR. GERARD FAIRLIE'S latest production is *That Man Returns* (Hodder and Stoughton; 3*s.* 6*d.*), and it is definitely of the "Bulldog" Drummond type. Mr. Fairlie is one of our leading exponents of the knockabout school of thriller, in which fast-moving, breathless adventure, ups-and-downs of fortune, and a pleasant character for the hero, are the essential ingredients. The "That Man" whose return is Mr. Fairlie's theme, is a super-criminal called "The Octopus," a gentleman of unlimited means, possessed of a powerful gang, and of an extremely unpleasant laugh. The hero, gigantic Victor Caryll, is the amateur to whom Scotland Yard entrusts the task of running "The Octopus" to ground, if such a combined metaphor of fishin' and huntin' is allowed. The adventures come fast and thick, and in the end Right wins a triumphant victory over the Powers of Darkness. I enjoyed this book very much, but I must lodge two criticisms. The first is that it too closely resembles "Bulldog" Drummond in characters and in action. My second is that the book has evidently been written as short stories, and Mr. Fairlie has not bothered to eliminate for book-form the repetitions at the beginning of each chapter. It is a small matter, but it is small matters that help to keep the reader in a good temper. Otherwise he may tend to think "If the author can't be bothered with his own book, why on earth should I?"

Lady de Frece

The adored Vesta Tilley of the halls singing her famous song, "Jolly Good Luck to the Girl Who Loves a Soldier." Her recollections, which have just been published, are reviewed on this page

LADY DE FRECE has at last written her autobiography, *The Recollections of Vesta Tilley* (Hutchinson; 18*s.*). There have been many "male impersonators," but Vesta Tilley was incomparably the greatest of them all. She belongs to the great age of the music hall when an artiste had to be an artist, when technique had to be mastered, when personality was a vastly more important asset than a chocolate-boxy, pretty-pretty face. What giants they were in those days—Little Tich and Albert Chevalier and Wilkie Bard, and Cissie Loftus and Charlie Coborn and many another. Those were the days when Sandow was giving his exhibitions of strength at the Aquarium, and George Robey was a young man, and "Zazel" was the lady who was fired from a cannon into a net. Lady de Frece's recollections bring it home very forcibly and very sadly how our entertainments are becoming more and more mechanical. "A film face" is the first essential for a star in these days, and there are five hundred pretties, all exactly like each other, for one Bergner. Ballyhoo and machinery have killed the great old days when Vesta Tilley was the toast of the town as Monte from Monte Carlo, and when, as Miss Farjeon puts it in her latest songs, "the penny stamp was purple and the halfpenny stamp was red."

MESSRS. SEELEY SERVICE set, and maintain, a very high standard in their production of books about Art, and their latest, *Postscript to Criticism*, by Mr. Carroll Carstairs, is no exception. Mr. Carstairs is the son of the late famous head of Knoedler's, the art dealers of Bond Street, and he himself is a known connoisseur. His book consists of short essays on a wide range of great painters, from Rembrandt to the modern French masters, and each essay is illustrated with a beautifully-done reproduction of one of the great pictures of the world. I am glad to find Mr. Carstairs breaking a stout lance on behalf of Rembrandt, whom it is so fashionable, in these days, to decry. "To consider a gallery without Rembrandt is to think of the stage without Shakespeare, or the opera without Wagner." That is a strong, challenging statement. And McEvoy, too, so elusive, so lovely, and so swiftly being forgotten, finds a champion; and Constantin Guys is rediscovered. Mr. Carstairs records that Guys is not mentioned in the new *Encyclopædia Britannica*. (Nor is John Nash, who built Regent Street and the Mall.)

Postscript to Criticism is a lovely book.

"THE GREAT TREK" (Black; 15*s.*) is a record by Professor E. A. Walker of that extraordinary exodus of Boer farmers in the thirties of the last century to escape from contact with British officialdom, civilisation, and taxation. Thousands of men and women abandoned their farms and their homes and set out with all their worldly goods in wagons, to trek northwards through unmapped wastes, through jungle that swarmed with ferocious wild animals, towards countries that were known to be inhabited by murderous Zulus and Matabeles. It was an astonishing performance, and it required stout hearts as well as stout muscles. And they won through in the end to Natal that was their Zion. Pretorius was their leader in the critical days of the fighting against Dingaan, the bloodthirsty Zulu king, and Pretoria is one of his two monuments to-day. The other is December 16th, a day which is still celebrated as Dingaan's Day, in memory of the battle in which Pretorius finally smashed the Zulu. It is a strange story.

Miss Etta Lysaght and Miss Violet Lysaght both rode in the Ladies' Race at the Dulhallow Point-to-Point, but one rode astride and the other side-saddle. They are well-known Co. Cork horsewomen

Lady Mary Grosvenor, whose Dempsey was third in the Open Nomination Race, and Captain Osmund at the Hursley meeting, which was held at Forest of Bere Farm, near King's Somborne

Below: Mr. D. E. C. Trench and Miss Coles in the saddling ring at Kimble, near Aylesbury, where the Bar Point-to-Point took place

Point-to-Points

The Dulhallow, the Hursley and the Pegasus Club

For Those Who Aren't Riding, the Next Best Thing is to Watch Those Who Are

Lady Moon was one of the crowd of spectators at the Pegasus Club's meeting at Kimble, Bucks

Mr. A. W. Hewitt, the Hon. Patrick Seely, Miss Van Hafton, and Miss Juliette Maddocks waiting for the next race to watch at the Hursley Point-to-Point

The Hon. Mrs. Garthwaite, Lord Dureen's daughter, was another of the decorations at the Bar meeting

Lenare

Miss Hermione Buxton

Lady Hermione Buxton's daughter is engaged to Major the Hon. William Alexander, D.S.O., Irish Guards, Lord Caledon's brother. Miss Buxton's father was the late Commander Bernard Buxton, D.S.O., R.N.

Tunbridge

Miss Andrina Schweder

Miss Andrina Schweder is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ronald Schweder, and is engaged to Mr. Ronald Tritton, of Langford Hall, Essex. The wedding will take place on April 30th at St. Saviour's, Walton Street

Douglas

Miss Barbara Wyld

Miss Barbara Wyld, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Wyld, of Essendon Close, Hatfield, is engaged to the Hon. David Hely-Hutchinson, the Earl and Countess of Donoughmore's younger son

Hay Wrightson

Lady Beatrice Savile

Lady Beatrice Savile is the Earl and Countess of Mexborough's second daughter. Her wedding to Mr. Ralph Scrope, second son of Mr. and Mrs. Scrope, of Danby, Yorks, will be at the Brompton Oratory in June

Bassano

Miss Patricia Heneage

Miss Heneage, elder daughter of Lieut.-Colonel A. P. Heneage, D.S.O., M.P., and Mrs. Heneage, of Walesby Hall, Lincs, is to marry Mr. Lawrence Radice, son of the late Mr. E. N. Radice, C.I.E., I.C.S.

Peter North

Miss Patricia Browne

Miss Patricia Browne is engaged to Captain John Peto, K.D.G., youngest son of Sir Basil Peto, M.P., of Tawstock Court, Barnstaple. She is the daughter of Mr. Gerald Browne and Mrs. Riversdale Grenfell

Engaged

Miss Cecily Blunt is the elder daughter of Sir John and Lady Blunt, of Huntleys, Tunbridge Wells, and is engaged to Mr. Robin Whitworth, Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Whitworth's son. Miss Blunt is a clever dancer and was the big success of the "Les Débutantes" cabaret at the Savoy

The Earl of Normanby's younger sister, Lady Elizabeth Phipps, last month announced her engagement to Lieut.-Com. William Davis, R.N., the elder son of Mr. W. S. Davis, and the late Mrs. Davis, of Coglan House, Longhope, Glos.

Sasha

Miss Cecily Blunt

Bassano

Lady Elizabeth Phipps

A PORTFOLIO OF FASHION

Compiled Weekly for "The Bystander"

by Madge Garland

Dorvyne, Paris

MADAME DE MUÑOZ wears an unusual coiffure in the evening which consists of a double line of oblong pieces of mirror-glass set in flexible silver, between which stands up a row of curls. More curls are repeated over the ears and around the nape of the neck and the leaf-shaped earrings are of white jade and diamonds. This coiffure is by Antoine

Yevonde

For Our Majesty's Courts

MISS YOLANDE TERRELL, who plays with such charm the rôle of the school-girl princess in "Finished Abroad," is seen in the photograph above wearing a coronet and some magnificent bracelets from William Ogden

A COURT gown of pale green and gold from Marshall and Snelgrove is cut on princess lines and has a draped neckline and a train of gold lamé falling from a cowl at the back. Posed by Mrs. Fred Neilson

Elisabeth Ivimey

Bond Street and Thereabouts

A Weekly Commentary on Fashion

by Madge Garland

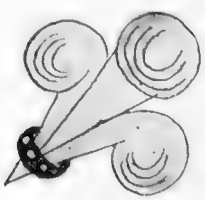
To look at the present fashion one would think that "Oh, I do love to be beside the seaside, I do love to be beside the sea" was the *leitmotif* of the season, so many shells and sailor hats are there about. And by shells I do not mean those large and decorative marine inhabitants which stand on the mantelshelves of cottages and Mayfair flats alike (only the latter don't have real mantelpieces, only just built-in flush Ferrantis or Flavels, and if you don't know what that means then you haven't been to the Ideal Home Exhibition).

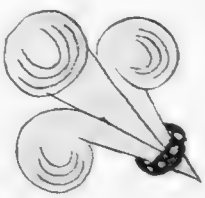
To continue, I mean those shells of various kinds which are now used to fasten our sports suits and which Vera Borea made into clips, Schiaparelli into buttons and Reboux into brooches. The latter are small conch shells polished until the mother o' pearl shines and flashes and are seen fastening the large bows at our necks with which many of our blouses and suits are provided. The Vera Borea ones are often mussel-shells and fasten the short coats of her linen suits or her beach dresses. Marshalls have a particularly pretty blue and white one with the up-turned hem which was one of the features of Borea's summer collection, it has a low décolletage called, I believe, a sun-bathing back, but more likely to be a blistered one, a belt, no sleeves and a great air of chic. The Schiaparelli ones are small scallop shells, often gilded, and fasten belts as well as coats on many town suits of wool or novelty linen weaves.

As for sailors (I mean millinery, not masculine ones) they are still welcome at every fashionable gathering. There are very tiny ones with a flat brim and a veil, Marshalls have a charming white piqué one with a black veil draped around it; or larger ones with an upturned brim, Debenhams have an orange and black check one with a black under-brim which is extremely smart but could be worn only with a severely plain black suit. Their chief rival is the hat which is literally as flat as a pancake, this emanates from Suzy, whence many of our flat girl-guide-cum-little-boy hats kept on by elastics—and Debenhams have two charming versions. Both are in fine, very shiny black straw, both have crowns so flat that we needn't bother about them, both are insecurely moored by an elastic at the back, but one is trimmed with a flat black bow of ciré ribbon while the other has two black wings across the front. A perfect hat for Ascot and garden parties, it's far more dignified and "lady-like" than it sounds, and we are going to see it in many variations during the summer.

Some of the shell ornaments which have recently appeared are, however, far from being merely buttons or ornaments of little value other than transitory fashion notes, and some magnificent jewels have been created in this shape. Most of them are made in gold, a medium which increases in popularity in fashionable if not financial circles every day, and are set with diamonds and occasionally pearls. They follow the lines of a conch shell in miniature and are used for ear-rings, brooches and clips. Tiny little shells to fit the lobe of the ear make charming clips and larger ones nestle in the jabots of our blouses or accentuate the décolletage of our evening gowns.

Which brings us to more formal matters. A few days will see the beginning of "the Season" with its queues of cars full of débutantes in the Mall, complete with feathers, tulle and flowers—accessories which are far more in the picture of every day life and far less unusual etceteras than they have been for many a long year. Trains are ubiquitous these nights, and the line of the modern evening gown follows gracefully that set by the ceremonial train hanging from the shoulders. The regulations regarding sleeves and the line of the décolletage have been relaxed; diadems, tiaras and coronets are so general for evening wear that the modern débutante does not feel self-conscious about her head-dress, evening gloves have been essential for so many seasons that although the ones worn to Court are the conventional white kid and not the fabric variety, their wearing no longer gives that going-to-my-first-party feeling that they did to the débutantes of a few years ago.





At the MAY FAIR

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LONDON NIGHTS

Dinner, Dance and Cabaret

A Monthly Going-out Guide Specially Compiled for "Bystander" Readers

Lord Brecknock and Lord Donegall, John Loder and the Hon. Mrs. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, Brig.-Gen. A. C. Critchley, and, behind him, Princess von Bismarck, at the Dorchester. At the back is the raised, roped-in dance floor where the cabaret takes place

The Dorchester

MAY 1st is the opening night of the new cabaret, in which even more dream-worthy girls are to appear than have already brought the jeunesse dorée ogling and swooning with admiration to the Dorchester. News of these phenomenal beauties has been trickling through from Clifford Whitley, in New York. They come from N. T. Granlund's Paradise Club, and every one of them is a "speciality girl," chosen individually for her looks, her voice, her dancing, and her personality. Well, well! And now for some details. Naunton Wayne, who went out to New York with Mr. Whitley to learn the dope from N. T. Granlund, is to act as compère and master of ceremonies; Edith Roarke is mistress of ceremonies; Sunny O'Dea, America's newest dancing star, is said to outshine even the brilliant Mitzi Mayfair; Marguerite and Leroy, New York's favourite ball-room dancers, will be in the show; Evelyn Crowell is coming back (that news will flutter a few hearts); and Caja Eric, who 's in the present show, is staying on because she 's been such a success.

It mustn't be forgotten that there 's now a raised floor at the Dorchester, whereon the cabaret is set, so that the furthest tables have a perfect view. Jack Jackson and his boys continue to make music that 's as quiet as it is rhythmic; they get several good marks for their "Please sit down for the cabaret" paraphrase of the "Big, Bad Wolf."

It may seem a contradiction to all the aforesaid gaieties to say that the Dorchester is one of the easiest and pleasantest restaurants to talk in. But it's a fact, and it 's thanks to Cigalini it is so. He has what is very nearly a complex about quiet service, with the result that plate-rattling and the helter-skelter that a few hundred supper orders are apt to produce is reduced to an inaudible and invisible minimum.

"Ukelele Ike" as Henry VIII., at Ciro's Club

Ciro's Club

MORE cabaret news is that Cliff Edwards ("Ukelele Ike") has been having a tremendous success at Ciro's. He was last in London ten years ago, since when he 's been working pretty hard in Hollywood and collected, incidentally, some good stories. The number of requests he 's had for songs he sang when he was here before, some of which he himself hardly remembers, proves that people never forget what they 've once really liked. Next week appear five well-known Austrian mountain-guides, whose yodelling, singing and dancing created a great impression on English visitors to Kitzbühl this winter. Lady Morvyth Benson and Captain "Tommy" Graves were two of the people who came home full of their praises. The Club were able, after much difficulty, to secure them for the cabaret, through the good offices of the Austrian Minister, Baron Franckenstein. Later on, Robins, the clown, whose first cabaret engagement in England was prolonged for sixteen weeks, is going to appear. He 's done a six-months' tour in America, and writes to say he 's picked up some excellent new material there.

Other matters of interest at Ciro's: the snack-bar downstairs, decorated in copper and green, and with Sem's caricatures on the walls, is a perfect place for a quick, before-theatre meal, being more than half-way to almost every playhouse; there is a small dance floor on the balcony of the restaurant for the unchanged; André Baloch performs at dinner and after 10.30. He 's a Hungarian violinist, plays beautifully, and also sings appealingly.

The Chatham Grill

FOOD is now the sole raison d'être of the Chatham Grill. Having eaten there, one agrees that the management's

Literature, Society, Stage and Films

Michael Arlen, Elizabeth Allan, the Hon. Charles Baillie-Hamilton, Tallulah Bankhead, Douglas Fairbanks, Junr., and Mr. Allan Vincent, Douglas Fairbanks' manager, make a nice, life-size fresco to match the décor at Ciro's

The Dorchester
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By CLIFFORD WHITLEY

"THE MIDNIGHT FOLLIES"
FROM N. T. GRANLUND'S
PARADISE CLUB
NEW YORK

The Chatham Grill

A view of the downstairs bar at the Chatham Grill, which is pleasantly decorated in warm colours, and where a quick lunch and excellent snacks are served, as well as good cocktails

single-minded policy is justified, for the food is of that unique quality which makes a musical accompaniment an interruption and an impertinence. This is the place to choose for dinner with an intelligent and witty companion, and for supper after a good play or a concert—both occasions when one wishes to eat well and talk peacefully. The atmosphere, as a whole, is particularly and pleasantly English, and this is in keeping with the "spit" (very fascinating) and the meat that's cooked in front of it. The latter could have been born and bred only on English—or Scottish—fields.

The Chatham Grill has some time since been "discovered" by stage people, and for supper, in particular. Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Charles Laughton, and Elsa Lanchester are three of its most frequent inmates. Although the band and dance floor are banished, the piano remains, discreetly exiled to the back of the Z-shaped room, in case supper-time patrons feel like supplying their own music and cabaret.

Downstairs, in the cocktail bar, an excellent hot one-course lunch is served, at lightning speed, for half-a-crown. Fresh-cut sandwiches, and savouries of various sorts can be had, too, and single glasses of hock, vin rosé, graves, besides the usual mixed drinks. This accessory to the Grill proper is not well-enough known, and people who are habitually in a hurry should make a mental note of this paragraph.

Oddenino's

ODDENINO'S is a place with a genuinely cosmopolitan, Bohemian atmosphere, and as such there is a sort of geographical relevancy about its position between the Café Royal and Piccadilly Circus. Its outdoor bar is a landmark, and must have set a thousand people asking: "Why don't other places do that?" On sunny days it is, of course, impossible to get a chair, much less a whole table, and one must move further in, to the gaily-decorated bar proper, which glitters and shines and is amusingly modern in the Continental manner. Downstairs are the restaurant, austere of décor by contrast, and the brasserie. In the restaurant one eats extremely well, and can dance of an evening to Walter Hyden's band, of Café Collette fame. The brasserie, which is packed every evening, is the cosmopolitan heart of the place; it is decorated in the style of a Munich beer-hall, with stone walls, beams,

Emile Biry (best known as "Emile"), is the clever general manager of Oddenino's

"Emile" of Oddenino's

and lots of antlers. On the menu are French, Italian, German, and Hungarian specialities, which are cooked by chefs who really know how these national dishes should be created.

Over all this presides Emile Biry, who watches the incomings and outgoings of the patrons with Castlerossian geniality. So much is he a small edition of the Viscount, who, incidentally, is one of the regulars, that the latter looked at him the other day, shook his head and murmured: "No, I 'm not your brother." Biry has been in England for twenty-four years; was at the Cecil as manager of the restaurant for ten years, until it was closed in 1930; and, after a short time at the Metropole, moved to Regent Street in March last year.

Café de la Paix

HERE Miss Patricia Lowry-Corry and Mr. Mark Ogilvie-Grant have joined the management. Mr. Grant, who is a cousin of Lady Seafield, is a clever artist, and did the amusing illustrations for Nancy Mitford's last book. Miss Corry has been connected with the Café de la Paix for some months; she knows plenty about the whims and fancies of that fickle and critical client, "Society," as she has

Howard Godfrey

Howard Godfrey, nephew of Sir Dan Godfrey, belongs to a famous musical family. His band was one of the first to broadcast in 1923. Now he concentrates on quiet rhythm, with all clatter and noise suppressed, and the band that carries out this idea he calls his "Romance of Rhythm Orchestra." His new gramophone records will soon be available and are awaited with interest

Famous Restaurateurs

No. 7. Bruni, of the Café de la Paix

GIOVANNI BRUNI can claim to be at least two things—a Roman of the Romans, and, at the same time, a complete European. He was born in Rome, and can trace his forefathers back for eighty-nine generations. This is an incredibly long way—in fact, it goes back to B.C., if one allows twenty-five years to a generation. He started his career as a page-boy at the Grand Hotel, Rome, and from there moved on to Frankfort, and then to the Adlon Hotel, Berlin, where so many good restaurateurs have done service. Next Bruni went to France—the Hotel Metropole, Monte Carlo—and after that to Spain—the Ritz Hotel, Madrid. Finally, he arrived in England, and got a job at the Savoy, where, before long, he was promoted head waiter. While he was there he was chosen, among others, to go to Sheffield to serve a quick lunch to the King during the early days of the war. Since the war, he has been at the Berkeley and at the Ritz. Now, dark and smiling, he welcomes patrons cheerfully to the Café de la Paix.

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Special Nights—Wednesdays and Fridays.

Under personal supervision of BRUNI.

How do you judge good Whisky?

By its purity, lightness, its delicate appeal to the palate. No biting tang.

No crude roughness to trouble the throat. Just a smooth, stimulating drink that connoisseurs and doctors, too, with confidence, recommend — that's the standard set by "Grouse" Brand Whisky. Ask for it from your wine merchant, but if difficult to obtain send 25/- to Matthew Gloag & Son, Perth, for two bottles for trial, post free.

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worked, and still works, at her sister's (Mrs. Arthur Paget) dress-shop. The food is always good at the Café de la Paix, and, since the chef came from the Excelsior Hotel in Rome, haunt of the Eternal City's food connoisseurs, so it should be. The colour-scheme, mostly rose-pink, with some touches of tulip-leaf green about, and the lighting are becoming enough to please any woman, whether she 's changed, or unchanged and sitting in the back of

Josef taking an unobtrusively critical look over his domain. He is in charge of the Roman's Club, upstairs at Romano's

the restaurant. There are several tables there for busy—or lazy—people who haven't dressed-up for the evening. From to-night the dance music is by Dare Lea and his band of eleven. He is a newcomer to London, young and good-looking, and runs a dance band because that 's what he likes doing. Advance reports are to the effect that his playing is exceptionally good, and will be much talked about. The Three Rhythm Aces, in piano and singing numbers, provide the cabaret, and also start their engagement here this week.

Romano's

THIS month, Romano's celebrates its diamond jubilee. Sixty years ago, in April 1874, an Italian, speaking broken English, approached the landlord of a small, narrow shop in the Strand. He had some money, and wanted to open a bar. He soon became "M. le propriétaire," his property consisting of the bar, with its usual background of bottles, a tank containing gold-fish in the window, and, behind the bar, a long, narrow passage (it could hardly be called a room), where three tables were placed. One day, at lunch time, a party of men appeared, seated themselves at the first table, and gave their order. John Corlett and the staff of the *Sporting Times*, who thus casually came in, little knew that Romano had started his career by supplying three bottles of champagne obtained on credit. Eventually it was suggested that "the Roman" should open a proper restaurant, and the new venture quickly became well known. Profits were invested in laying down a really good cellar, while from the kitchen was turned out food worthy of the wine.

When the Prince of Wales (afterwards King Edward) started going to Romano's, its fame became firmly established.

When you come to London stay at Oddenino's ... it's London's smartest and most cosmopolitan Hotel ... its Restaurant and Cocktail Bar the gayest. You'll see more and live better at Oddenino's

Single Room 12/6
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Hotel and Restaurant
Piccadilly Circus

"Geisha Land," at Grosvenor House

"Geisha Land," with Mabel Couper, Gilbert Gunn and the Grosvenor Girls, is one of the singing-and-dancing turns in the dinner programme of the Grosvenor Gaieties

Celebrities of the stage, Fleet Street, and the turf, made it into a sort of club; three Georges—George Leyburn ("Champagne Charlie"), George Alexander, and George Edwardes—being among its most constant "members."

Starting on May 7th, there is to be a special period week to celebrate Romano's jubilee. To get the atmosphere of those gay old days right, all the waiters and the band will be dressed in 1870 style, and quadrilles and polkas will be played, and perhaps danced. On the Wednesday there will be a gala evening, when everyone is expected to appear in costume.

Grosvenor House

THE "Grosvenor Gaieties" are still here, but the show is a brand-new one—songs, dances, dresses, everything—with a completely different programme for the dinner and supper performances. Johnny Nit is an acquisition; he 's a clever tap-dancer, with all the feeling for rhythm coloured people have, a cheerfull grin, and a neat way of doing his clatter-clatter stuff on the seat of a chair. Roma Beaumont and Tony Smythe appear by special permission of Jack Buchanan and Jack Waller. Roma, an attractively shy blonde of nineteen, is a find of Jack Buchanan's, who picked her out of the chorus some time ago for her first small part. She and her partner are in *Mr. Whittington*, so they only appear in the supper programme at Grosvenor House. Then there 's that whirlwind, Pamela Foster, who dances a can-can with tremendous verve and sufficient abandon. She 's full of vitality, and this and her undoubted talent mark her out as a girl with a future. The chorus, "Les Grosvenor Girls," have the distinction of being about the only all-English troupe of cabaret lovelies in the West End. One or two of them emerge briefly from the ranks to do turns of their own, just to show that there 's plenty of new talent coming on.

Dance Bands of the Day

Van Straten, of Quaglino's

VAN STRATEN is part of Chez Quaglino now; if he wasn't in his corner, doing that kind of singing-talking to the dancers as they pass which is one of his particular specialities, one might almost wonder if one had arrived at "Quag's" at all. He has been there for three years, having played previously at the Café Anglais, the Ambassadors Club, the Green Park Hotel. He used to play the piano and the violin, but now, when he 's leading his band, he only plays the tenor-saxophone. He has an amazing repertoire of dance-music, which goes back as far as that father of to-day's hot numbers, "Alexander's Rag-Time Band." He is in such demand nowadays for hunt balls and private dances that he has had to start an agency to cope with the rush. When he has time to spare from all these goings-on, he spends it gardening and playing golf.

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Northern Foursomes competitors: Miss B. Braithwaite (Metropolitan, Australia) and Miss S. Braithwaite (Victoria, Australia)

Miss M. Mitchell (Woodsome Hall), Miss Nan Baird (St. Nicholas), and Cedric Saynor, the starter, at the "Bystander" Ladies' Northern Foursomes at Birkdale

Miss G. Cradock-Hartopp, Midland Champion (Cavendish), Miss B. Newell (Cavendish), Miss E. Taylor (Pleasington), and Mrs. R. Southworth (Wiltshire)

Miss N. Nuttall (Ringway), Miss U. N. Allen (Bramhall), Miss C. Bridgford, Captain of Cheshire Ladies (Hale), and Mrs. Geoff. Rothery (Huddersfield)

The "Bystander's" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

(12th Year) at Birkdale: The First Day

By Eleanor E. Helme

DEAR BYSTANDER,

UNLUCKILY, I can only tell you about the first day of THE BYSTANDER Northern Foursomes at Birkdale, and the rest must wait until next week. I am not quite sure that I shall ever have anything more to tell you, for the longing to play another round on such a course as Birkdale may prove irresistible. However, having played a round yesterday, perhaps I shall be able to conquer these frivolous longings.

It really is a magnificent course, truly seaside, and all the better for the reconstruction that has gone on. The drought has been unkind, but, really, all things considered, even the new greens are much better than many I have seen this spring, and I do not mean to listen if anybody grumbles about the lies on the fairway. Of course, if you stray, you have only yourself to blame, and besides the big sandhills there is any amount of blown sand and bog-willow and bents and all the other proper ingredients of your real links. Wind, of course, is indispensable amongst these, and wind we had on the first day. THE BYSTANDER flag did not float, nor even flutter, from the flagstaff. It flew, brave and imposing, on a sharp, south-easterly wind. Local people tell you that is the wrong way for the course. Be that as it may, the givers of odds managed to survive, some of them by pretty large margins, which seems to show that the L.G.U. tees give a really good test of golf for ladies, though they may not be so spectacular as the tiger ones so many yards behind and above them.

No doubt the wind helped the low handicaps. The first out of these was Miss Jessie Firth and Mrs. H. V. Newton—who, I am sure, you still think of as Miss Beryl Brown, especially as that is the name which, with Miss Firth's, decorates THE BYSTANDER Scottish Cups for 1933. They gave a whole packet of strokes—ten, to be exact—and won by 6 and 5. Mrs. Mewburn Brown, not to be outdone by her daughter, and most worthily upholding her position as Birkdale

(*Continued on page 182*)

"Bystander" Northern Foursomes Competitors at Birkdale

Mrs. John Heaton (Wilmslow), and Mrs. Alan Hartley, runner-up in Cheshire Championship

Mrs. S. E. M. Briggs (Formby), Mrs. E. M. Cockshutt (Prestbury and Upton), Mrs. Rex Berry (Prestbury and Upton), and Mrs. L. D. Leonard (Formby)

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Miss Jessie Anderson, the Girl Champion (Craigie Hill), and Mrs. Barbour, who was her partner

Miss E. Black and Miss M. Black find their car useful when passing the spare time knitting

Miss Nan Baird, Mrs. W. T. Mackay, Mrs. Alan Macbeth, and Mrs. Clement, the holder of the Cheshire Championship

The "Bystander's" Ladies' Northern Foursomes

Cont. from page 180

Overseas Visitors

Miss E. M. Barclay and Miss L. Barclay, from Kingston Beach, Tasmania

Miss Taylor, Mrs. Law, Mrs. M. Panikkar, Mrs. Southworth, and Mrs. H. H. Wood

Captain, went one better and won by 7 and 6, with Mrs. Dixon as her partner.

Four couples successfully gave no less than eight strokes. That very sound Yorkshire pair, Miss Mary Johnson and Miss Barbara Lees, showed them the way early in the morning, when they beat Mrs. Layfield and Mrs. Bostock by 3 and 1. Miss Johnson may not have struck her Westward Ho! form, but that can come before the week is out. Not far behind them a Cheshire pair, Mrs. Hardicker and Mrs. Hammersley, were also successfully giving eight. Late in the day Mrs. Forbes Cooper and Mrs. Harold Tyson did likewise, though only at the nineteenth hole. Mrs. Panikkar and Mrs. Wood completed the quartet of givers of eight.

At the other end of the scale were matches to the twentieth: firstly, Miss Campenett and Mrs. Soppitt, who had turned five down to Mrs. Ronald Hardman and Miss N. Leech, got them all back, and won, as did Mrs. White and Mrs. Birley.

With one hundred and twenty-eight couples competing, to say nothing of those on the waiting list, it is obviously impossible for me to tell you about everybody. But some simply must be mentioned. For instance, it is by no means every year that we have the distinction of five players from the furthest Dominions as competitors; this year there were three Miss Barclays, of Kingston Beach, Tasmania, and two Miss Braithwaites, from Victoria and Metropolitan, Australia. Both sister pairs survived, unluckily only to meet each other the next morning, but the third Miss Barclay, playing with Mrs. Pickles, just went out to Miss Sturgess and Miss Gregg, to whom they had to give three strokes.

Then we had an ex-Open Champion in Mrs. Alan Macbeth; the Northern and Cheshire Champion, in her partner, Mrs. Clement; the Midland, Miss Cradock-Hartopp, playing with Miss Bridget Newell; and the present Girl Champion, Miss Jessie Anderson, who had the ideal partner in Mrs. Barbour. Mrs. Macbeth and Mrs. Clement had something to test their mettle right away, for there were five strokes to give to the ex-Girl Champion, Miss Nan Baird, and Mrs. Mackay, from Turnberry. They needed to be brilliant, and brilliant they certainly were. Par for the first nine holes is 37, and that was what they were out in—and 5 up. If there was a stroke to be given they just set their teeth a little tighter and took it in a birdie or an eagle. The Scottish pair rallied bravely in the middle, but all they could do was to hang on and make the margin sound considerably better than looked likely at one time—actually, no worse than 3 and 2.

Miss Anderson put her first shot of the day, with a number 4 iron, to within six inches of the first hole, and a 3 there took no denial. At the third, Mrs. Barbour's tee shot, with a brassie, was just as close to the pin. Really, against such golf Mrs. Farrington and Miss Spalding, from the Midlands, did very well to lose by no more than 6 and 5, for they were only receiving three strokes.

Miss Cradock-Hartopp and Miss Newell did nothing in particular—but apparently did it very well, for they gave the same amount to Mrs. Southworth and Miss Taylor and won by 7 and 5. All great fun; and how everybody does love this course!

Yours ever,
ELEANOR E. HELME

All entries for THE BYSTANDER *Monthly Medal Competition must be accompanied by the coupon which appears in any issue of* THE BYSTANDER *during the current month.* **Coupons must be attached to the cards** *signed by the Hon. Sec. of the club, who must certify the scratch score of the course, and be addressed to the Golf Editor of* THE BYSTANDER, 346, Strand, W.C.2, *to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.*

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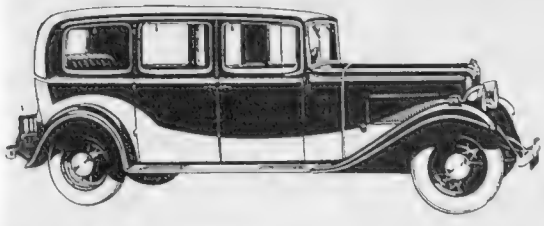

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F. G. L. Fairlie on Golf

Amateurs *v.* Professionals

Miss Phyllis Wade (Ferndown) and Commander N. D. Holbrook, V.C., R.N., winners of the Open Mixed Foursomes Handicap competition at Cooden Beach

Famous Cricketers at Golf

A group of cricketers, including H. J. Enthoven, the Hon. F. S. G. Calthorpe (Captain), G. E. V. Crutchley, Nigel Haig, A. H. Gilligan, and W. Hammond, who played a match under handicap against Worplesdon

B. M. Valentine, the fine, forcing batsman of Kent County, driving from the first tee in the Cricketers v. Worplesdon match

RECENTLY there took place on the course of the Royal Mid-Surrey Club at Richmond a match between a side of amateurs chosen by the English Golf Union and a side of professionals chosen by the Professional Golfers' Association. The reason for the match was chiefly to help the funds of the Association, and I sincerely hope that financially the day was a great success, for the Association is one which deserves every support.

It is a pity that the amateurs were not more representative of their full talent. Actually, there was only one playing who is, up to the moment, in this year's Walker Cup side; although, conceivably, there may be two others co-opted before the match actually takes place at St. Andrews, should the Selection Committee feel so inclined. It must not be thought, however, that the amateur side was a bad one. There were five players who have in past years represented us against America in the Walker Cup match, although I should think that only one of these is in the running this year.

The professionals' side, on the other hand, was very well representative of professional skill in this country, and in view of all the circumstances it was not in the least surprising to see them run out victorious on the day by eleven points to four. I repeat that it is a great pity that the amateur side was not more representative.

I don't know whether the English Golf Union intends this Amateur and Professionals match to be purely confined to Englishmen. In the past this has not been so, but I notice that only Englishmen were playing in the match this year. It seems to me that a match between amateurs and professionals should have nothing whatever to do with nationality, in which case, the amateurs could have had the assistance of McLean, McKinley, and Tony Torrance of Scotland, not to mention Henry Howell from Wales. A team containing all these talented gentlemen would, I feel, have given the professionals a very good run for their money.

However, a great deal can be learnt from these matches, and I hasten to take the opportunity, so seldom open to me, of congratulating the English Golf Union on something well done.

I WAS not myself able to be present at the match, much as I should like to have been, but I have it on very good authority that the chief difference between the amateurs and the professionals—a difference, incidentally, which was very noticeable—was after the drives—in the iron play and on the greens. The professionals were definitely very greatly superior in the iron play, but the amateurs (a fact which I have frequently pointed out in the past) were superior on the greens, not merely in holeing-out but also in the approach putt. Before—on this page—I have given my reasons for this weakness on the greens on the part of professionals, and I will not again go into them, but I do think that the amateurs have a big lesson to learn with regard to iron play from their professional friends. After all, when the ball is on a peg on a tee it should be a fairly easy matter to put it somewhere on the fairway. I would suggest, therefore, that any amateur who wishes to improve his game should confine himself to serious practice with all iron clubs so that playing a long iron shot from a good lie should become just as automatic as the drive itself.

As for the professionals, who will, later on in the year, have to withstand yet another American challenge on their championship, I would suggest that they also should retire to some quiet green with a putter and concentrate on striking the ball truly and smoothly.

OF individual performances in this Amateur v. Professionals match, Woollam (rather surprisingly leading the side: I admit that he is English Champion, but he is not in the Walker Cup side, whereas H. G. Bentley is; however, he had an easier proposition in the top single against Padgham than Bentley had in the second against Cotton, for Padgham is at the moment but a ghost of what he was last year) was not distinguished in the foursomes but did secure a good scalp, in Padgham, in the singles. Bentley, however, covered himself with glory in halving with Cotton, who was playing well.

Cotton is a man who is extremely difficult to beat at any time, especially when he happens to be up. In this particular match he was three up at the eleventh, but Bentley seized some unexpected chances in the next four holes and won three of them. He lost the sixteenth hole; however, he played a magnificent seventeenth and won it, and then was generous to Cotton with regard to a putt for a half on the home green. Bentley certainly did more than enough to prove that in his selection for our Cup side against America no mistake has been made.

J. B. Beck played very well in his foursomes match, wherein he and D. H. R. Martin beat A. G. Havers and D. A. Curtis by one hole. Both Beck and Martin were beaten in the singles, but R. W. Hartley avoided defeat throughout the day by halving his foursome in partnership with L. G. Crawley, and halving his single against Easterbrook. No mean performance.

FINALLY, to turn to another subject, I would like to thank all those who have bothered to write to me with regard to THE BYSTANDER Trophy Tournament which was so recently held at Parkstone. It is extremely encouraging and very pleasant to find that our efforts have been appreciated, and, frankly, I am delightedly surprised at the number of people who have troubled to write to say so.

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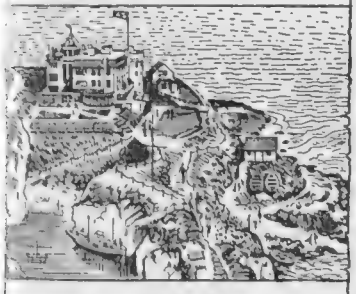

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A new view of Croydon, showing the control tower and administration building in the centre, part of the hotel on the left, and the hangars on the right. There is every indication that air travel will be on a record scale this year, with additional services in operation to the Continent, as well as internal air lines

"Air France"

Air Displays and Services for the Season: By Charles Ward

Empire Air Day

On May 24th, which is to be observed as Empire Air Day, fifty of the Royal Air Force stations will be open to the public during the afternoon, the main idea, suggested by the Air League, being to create interest in the every-day work of the Service. This is something quite different from that to be seen at the annual R.A.F. Display at Hendon, and, in any case, the Display is available only to Londoners, and those making a special journey to London for that purpose. Empire Air Day will be significant wherever an R.A.F. station exists, with the few exceptions where experimental work of a secret nature is carried out. At civil aerodromes the Clubs are organising displays, and will provide cheap joy-rides.

Golf Links—Air Connections

Recent activities of the Aero Golf Society having been lined-up on another page, this note is intended to draw attention to the facilities for golfing week-ends by air. From London there are innumerable courses within easy reach by air-taxi, and in the North of England and in Scotland arrangements have been made for tours from Manchester. "Airwork," which operates the municipal airport for the Manchester Corporation, caters for foursomes visiting noted championship courses at prices ranging from £2 a head for those in the locality, such as Southport and Hoylake. As a recent example of an extended tour, four people left the airport at 8 o'clock one morning for a round at Machrihanish, Campbeltown, lunching at the hotel, and proceeding to Renfrew for the Killermont Course, staying there the night. Next morning the 'plane proceeded to Leuchars for St. Andrews, and after lunch went to East Hestleton for the Ganton Course, arriving back at Manchester before dark. The cost of this two-day tour was £12 10s. per head, the flying mileage being approximately 600.

Moths in the North

The Brian Lewis organisation has extended to Scotland, a service station having been opened at Renfrew for de Havilland aircraft, for which the company is now the managing distributor throughout the British Isles. Business at Renfrew will be in charge of Mr. F. A. MacNeill, who has had considerable experience of aircraft in operation, with Midland and Scottish Air Ferries. Mr. Gairdner, manager at the Hooton Park Depot, will now specialise in the sale of de Havilland machines for commercial work, for which his special knowledge of air transport will be of great value.

All the Fun of the Fair

During this summer, air activities will be on a very much larger scale than last year, with numerous regular services in operation to all parts of the country, including Scotland and Ireland, and several organised tours conducted on an even bigger scale than before. Of the latter, the principal one is that organised by Sir Alan Cobham, whose Display has become perennial. There are several novel features; a pilot flying a Tiger-Moth loops the loop through a hoop; Miss Joan Meakin, who has specialised in towed gliding and who made a journey from the Continent to Heston a week or so ago in a glider towed by an aeroplane, is performing every day with the tour. At 1500 ft. she casts herself into the blue—or into the pea-soup, as the weather may be—looping the loop several times before landing. Another new stunt, performed by a pilot in an Avro Lynx, is to pick up a handkerchief by means of a hook attached to the wing-tip. This is the modern version of the circus trick where a horseman, riding at full gallop, swings himself from the saddle and picks up a handkerchief or a piece of paper from the ground.

Making the Airways the Highways

Two of Railway Air Services' routes are planned, the first to commence operations being that for the Southern from Croydon to Cowes, I.O.W. Spartan Air Lines are to be the contractors, using, of course, the three-engined "Cruiser". There will be three services a day in each direction, the over-all time for the journey from Victoria Terminus being 90 minutes, which includes 50 minutes in the air. The single fare is to be 30s., and a return 50s., the latter interchangeable with Southern Railway first-class steamer and restaurant-car expresses without extra charge. The Great Western service will operate over the same route as last year, with an additional stop at Bristol and an extension to Liverpool. The B.A.N.C.O. services to Le Touquet from May 18th to September 17th are to be daily in each direction, with two additional services on Fridays and Saturdays. A daily service to Deauville will be operated from July 12th, and the Company's fleet is being augmented by two Dragons.

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GOING OUT TO GOINGS-ON (Continued from page 136)

She was dressed in gun-metal grey with a halo bonnet to match and silver-fox furs. She is lovely to look at, but it's a pity she is so affected these days. Miss Rosemary O'Malley-Keyes, in brown and blue, was also there. Sir Hugh and Lady Smiley we also noticed, she in wine-coloured velvet and fox cape, with a mandarin hat. Lady Broughton and Major Sam Ashton were together. Others we saw were Mrs. Ian Akers-Douglas, in green and tomato (definitely easy to look at), Mrs. K. O. Goldie, just back from Honolulu, but unfortunately not wearing a straw skirt, and Lady Oxford, in a prominent position just inside the door of the restaurant, with two women friends.

MR. JIM FITZ-GERALD gave a very good cocktail-party at Jack's Club not so very long ago. He has just become secretary and we all hope it will do well under his management. It's not only a cocktail-time club: it 's got a band and a dance floor, an excellent cook, and is quite one of the "Late Night Finals"! At this particular party we noticed Mr. and Mrs. "Dandy" Wallace, she looking more attractive than ever (if that 's possible) in a black coat over a long white tunic and black skirt, with a white hat. Mr. and Mrs. Mountjoy Fane, who were sitting in the same corner talking to them, were giving London a treat for the inside of a week, and by all accounts didn't let the grass grow under their feet. Miss Betty Somerset (hatless) was talking to Mrs. Jean Heneage (Mann-Thomson that was) in the middle of the floor when the cameras clicked. Lady Bridget Poulett sailed in as if she 'd bought the place and greeted a few friends.

An Embassy "Official"

An impression by Molly Bishop of Gualdi, the popular manager of the Embassy Club, who has a genius for suggesting dishes suitable for the tastes or moods of his clients

THE "Three Jolly Jack Tars," during their last week at the Savoy, drew a goodly crowd, and well they might. We should like to know their next port of call. Lady Moira Combe, looking lovely in black, was with her husband and another couple one night. Also Mrs. Albany Charlesworth, tête-à-tête with Captain Eddie Grant. Sir Digby Warren was in a party with Mrs. Jack Shaw, who, like Mrs. Charlesworth, comes from Yorkshire. Mrs. Roland Orred had taken the night off from chaperoning her daughter, and was enjoying herself while she could. Captain and Mrs. Howard Kerr (she another in black) had a party of four under a pillar; Mr. Colin Buist was one of them, but the fourth, we must admit, we didn't know. Mrs. Donald Cameron, all in flame (not aflame), was with her husband and Captain Pat O'Callaghan. General Woodroffe, up from Bembridge, was having a night out with his wife, unmarried daughter, and son.

MRS. PEEPS

WE much regret that the bridal gown illustrated on page 121 of our last week's issue was described as coming from Messrs. Marshall and Snelgrove, whereas the model in question can be obtained from the model gown department of Messrs. Debenhams Ltd.

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Available upon 10 H.P., 12 H.P., and 14 H.P. chassis, the Rover Sports Tourer offers comfortable accommodation for four full-size passengers. It was the 12 H.P. model of this type which won the Bournemouth R.A.C. Rally (10-15 H.P. class) from all comers. In equipment, finish and performance it attains in every way the high standard which is expected of Rover cars.

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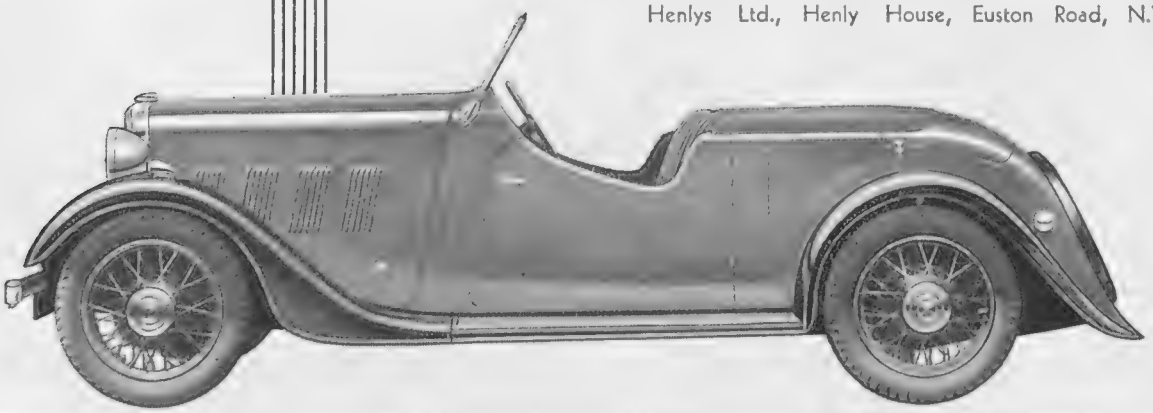

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The Gentle Art of Being Beautiful: By "Maquillage"

FACIAL REFRESHMENT

Creams Containing the Essential Vitaminic Elements of Fresh Lemons Invigorate, Refine and Clarify the Complexion

IT has long been known to doctors, dermatologists and amateurs of beauty culture that certain constituents of the lemon have a bleaching, refining and invigorating effect on the skin, but the scientific incorporation of the beneficial elements in two creams of guaranteed purity with delightful emollient and nutritive properties of their own, created something of a sensation in the toilet world a few years ago. These two lemon creams, manufactured by the famous firm of Bronnley, have now been on the market and in use by discriminating people long enough for their efficacy to have proved itself.

There is a night cream, particularly suave and bland, which is deliciously cleansing and at the same time readily absorbed by "hungry" pores and marvellously refreshing to tired skins. The day cream is equally meritorious, and both have the clean and pleasant odour of fresh lemons. The important elements of the fruit are, by a special process, preserved intact. They penetrate the pores of the skin and act as a revitalising tonic on the underlying tissues and cells. There is not only an instantaneous effect of refreshment, but after the lemon cream has been used for a little time a genuine rejuvenation is apparent. The complexion regains the brilliance, the elasticity and the fine texture of youth. The stimulation brings about the natural elimination of impurities so that defects such as spots, sallowness or black-heads, disappear and the skin becomes clear and smooth and sensibly lighter in tone.

A quartette of Bronnley's refreshing toilet preparations, well-known and recommended for their purity, efficacy and the very moderate prices at which they are offered

Any tendency to be drying which exists in untreated lemon juice is counteracted by the pure oils with which it is amalgamated. Bronnley's lemon creams do not promote the growth of hair, and many women who have made the discovery of their extraordinarily satisfactory results, profess their determination never to use anything else. The day cream is not only an excellent base for powder, but is useful for keeping the hands white and smooth.

THERE is a growing tendency to demand an "all-round" toilet cream which will cleanse as well as nourish and tone up the skin, since the world has become more mobile and the packing of innumerable pots and bottles is not only a depressing and hampering thought, but even prohibited by luggage limitations in many modes of modern travel, especially if one goes by air. Bronnley's Lemon Cream, therefore, fulfils a need. Its smoothness and solubility make it ideal for cleansing and for self-administered massage, as it is almost impossible to stretch the skin when using Lemon Cream—a danger, when heavy, sticky creams are applied by any but experts. The Lemon Creams can be obtained in pots or in tubes and are inexpensive, especially when one considers their quality. All the ingredients are the purest obtainable and are carefully blended and balanced under scientific supervision. Those who have not yet "discovered" Bronnley's Lemon Creams will find their effect upon the complexion a revelation of what modern science can do when applied to the simple toilet formulæ of the past.

"The Bystander" Ladies' SCOTTISH FOURSOMES (11th Year)

at North Berwick, JUNE 12 to 15, 1934

Holders: MRS. H. V. NEWTON and MISS J. FIRTH

Entries close Friday, May 25th. Enter NOW

Open to all players with L.G.U. Handicaps, whether they are Scottish, Irish, Welsh, English or Overseas. Entries will also be accepted from foreign competitors at their home handicaps.

CONDITIONS

Joint handicaps for any couple limited to 30 L.G.U. Couples over the limit may compete on the limit, Handicap certificates to be shown before play.

Competitors may choose their own partners, and entries should be made in couples, stating handicaps, to reach Miss E. E. HELME, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, not later than Friday, May 25th.

THE BYSTANDER reserves the right to close the entry list before that date should more than 128 couples enter, but will accept entries beyond 128 couples and from these will fill any subsequent vacancies as far as possible.

Play under three-eighths of difference of combined handicaps, limited as above, in a knock-out match play tournament.

Halved matches to be played to a finish, strokes being taken at the same holes as in a complete round.

Challenge Cups (to be held for one year) and replicas will be given to the winners and prizes to the runners-up and unsuccessful semi-finalists.

HOTELS

THE BYSTANDER Headquarters for the Scottish Foursomes will be *The Royal Hotel, North Berwick*, where the special terms for competitors will be 15s. per day each, inclusive. Special terms also at *Marine Hotel, North Berwick*; 16s. 6d. per day, single room; or 15s. each if sharing a double room.

NATIONAL PLAYING FIELDS ASSOCIATION COMPETITION

The Competition for the National Playing Fields Association Challenge Cup and other prizes, conducted by the Scottish Ladies' Golfing Association, will be played at North Berwick on June 12th and following days. ALL ENTRANTS FOR "THE BYSTANDER" SCOTTISH FOURSOMES and members of clubs affiliated to the S.L.G.A. ARE ELIGIBLE TO COMPETE.

CONDITIONS

Medal play under L.G.U. handicap.
Entry fee, 2s. 6d. first card, and 1s. for every subsequent card.
Entries received on day of play only.

NORTH BERWICK **NO ENTRANCE FEE**

ENTRY FORM

To reach Miss Helme, THE BYSTANDER Office, 346, Strand, W.C.2, by Friday, May 25th, 1934.
"THE BYSTANDER" Ladies' Scottish Foursomes at North Berwick, June 12, 1934, and following days.

Please enter

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of ..... *Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone No. .....

To play in the above Handicap Foursomes at North Berwick with

Mrs. / *Miss* .....

of ..... *Club.* *L.G.U. Handicap* .....

Home Address .....

Telephone No. .....

Please notify change of address, handicap, or partner to Miss Helme as above; or after June 8th to her at Royal Hotel, North Berwick. Telephone: 3 North Berwick.

THE Ideal Home Exhibition at Olympia which is organised by the *Daily Mail*, has attracted the usual large number of visitors this year who have been interested by the many and varied exhibits. Mr. Heath Robinson's Ideal Home fairy-tale cottage has provided a note of amusement; the steel on show in "Staybrite City" heralds the birth of a new age; a pageant of fashion set in sylvan surroundings; the magic of boiling an egg by radio or lighting an electric lamp by striking a match, are some of a few features among many which afford visitors never-failing interest. In the tea-room of the future there are twenty-five waitresses, each chosen as a sculptor's standard as representative of the ideal Englishwoman, while in the lounge Sydney Baynes' Broadcasting Orchestra gives selections. The Exhibition is open from 10 till 10.

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"The Bystander's" Guide to London Amusements

THE THEATRE

Plays

CHRISTOPHER BEAN, THE LATE.—Cedric Hardwicke and Edith Evans continue to act inimitably in the play about the lost masterpiece of a dead artist: St. James's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

CLIVE OF INDIA.—Leslie Banks excellent as Clive, the man of adventure; Gillian Lind equally good as his wife, in a historical drama of action and power: Wyndham's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW.—Elmer Rice's breathlessly energetic play, with Hugh Miller excellent as the counsellor, Elspeth Duxbury as his secretary, and a cast that keeps going at top speed: Piccadilly, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THE COUNTRY WIFE.—Wycherley's amusing indecencies and nimbly-phrased innuendoes are revived twice daily: Ambassadors, 2.30 and 8.30 (except Monday).

DARK HORIZON.—Lesley Storm's play happens just before the next Armageddon; the cast includes Marda Vanne, Ann Todd, Margaret Webster, James Raglan, Ernest Jay: Daly's, 8.30.

DOUBLE DOOR.—Sybil Thorndike superbly Grand Guignol, and especially when she goes mad; Owen Nares as her brother, and Carol Goodner as her sister-in-law whom she claps into a vault, in a Victorian melodrama that's full of excitement and horror: Strand, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

EMIL AND THE DETECTIVES.—English stage version of the German play and film success; Desmond Tester heads the cast of twenty boys: Vaudeville, 8.30. Mon., Wed., Sat., 2.30.

ESCAPE ME NEVER.—Elisabeth Bergner acts brilliantly, but the erratic Bohemianism of Marguerite Kennedy's play about the Sangers allows her only limited opportunities to demonstrate the greatness of her art: Apollo, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE LAUGHING WOMAN.—Stephen Haggard and Veronica Turleigh perfectly matched in the sensitive vitality and beauty of their playing as Gordon Daviot's young artist and the woman who inspires, loves, and looks after him: New, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

LIBEL.—A legal play, with Frances Doble, Malcolm Keen, Nigel Playfair, Leon M. Lion, Aubrey Mather: Playhouse, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.40.

MACBETH.—Charles Laughton's Macbeth and Flora Robson's Lady Macbeth magnificent in their tragedy and horror; a fine end to the Vic-Wells season: Old Vic, 8 (except Tues.). Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE MASK AND THE FACE.—Jeanne de Casalis, Franklin Dyall, and Ivan Sampson in a play from the Italian: Royalty, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

THE OLD FOLKS AT HOME.—Marie Tempest has the perfect part in H. M. Harwood's brilliant comedy: Queen's, 8.40. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

PRIVATE ROOM.—Alan Napier as the peer who wants a divorce and Thea Holme as the girl who acts as paid and innocent co-respondent, in N. Royde-Smith's comedy: Westminster, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

REUNION IN VIENNA.—Perfect polish, wit and charm, and the authentic Viennese glamour in Robert Sherwood's play as acted by Lynn Fontanne, Alfred Lunt, Cecil Parker, and Clive Currie: Lyric, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

RUTH DRAPER.—Three-weeks' season, from April 23: Haymarket, 8.45. Wed., Sat., 2.45.

SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL at Stratford-on-Avon; the plays, April 24th—30th, are *The Tempest, Love's Labour's Lost, King Henry V., Romeo and Juliet, Much Ado About Nothing, Julius Cæsar, Twelfth Night*: nightly at 8. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

SIXTEEN.—A play as delightfully acted as written, about a girl (Antoinette Cellier) who resents the marriage of her mother (Fabia Drake) to a second husband (Godfrey Tearle); Muriel Aked and Helen Haye are in the cast: Criterion, 8.30. Tues., Thurs., 2.30.

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THERE'S ALWAYS TO-MORROW.—Mary Newcomb as a jealous mother; Hargrave Pawson and Viola Keats as her son and daughter-in-law; Austin Trevor as her second husband: Shaftesbury, 8.40. Sat., 2.30.

THE WIND AND THE RAIN.—A charming and light-hearted story of student life in Edinburgh, with Robert Harris and Celia Johnson playing sweethearts, and occasionally in a minor key: St. Martin's, 8.30. Mon., Tues., Fri., 2.30.

With Music

CONVERSATION PIECE.—Yvonne Printemps witty, mocking, always delightful, as the heroine of Noel Coward's Regency play; Pierre Fresnay takes the part of the elderly Duke; perfect décor and dresses: His Majesty's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

THE GEISHA.—Revived for a month's run, with Rose Hignall: Garrick.

THE GOLDEN TOY.—Ludwig Berger's Arabian Night, with Peggy Ashcroft, Ion Swinley, Ernest Thesiger, Nellie Wallace: Coliseum, 2.30 and 8.15.

MR. WHITTINGTON.—Musical-comedy, with Jack Buchanan as its gay mainstay, and Elsie Randolph, Alfred Drayton and Fred Emney as its further supports: Hippodrome, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

SPORTING LOVE.—A new all-laughing success, with Stanley Lupino as king laughter-maker, Laddie Cliff as his dancing clown-chamberlain, and Vera Bryer, Jennie Dean and Marjorie Brown as the girls: Gaiety, 8.30. Tues., Fri., 2.30.

THREE SISTERS.—A sentimentally spectacular musical-comedy, with Charlotte Greenwood, Adèle Dixon, and Victoria Hopper as the sisters; Eliot Makeham, Stanley Holloway, and Albert Burdon as the leading men; and some real geese: Drury Lane, 8.15. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

Mirth and Mystery

AFTERWARDS.—Walter Hackett mixes crookery with farce, Marion Lorne, Ronald Squire, and Gordon Harker topping the cast: Whitehall, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

GOOD MORNING, BILL.—Peter Haddon, Winifred Shotter, Phyllis Monkman, and Laurence Grossmith in P. G. Wodehouse's light-hearted comedy, which is as funny as ever it was: Saville, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

INDOOR FIREWORKS.—A farcical comedy with a bit too much tu-quoque humour in the family quarrels of Fay Compton, Lady Tree, Mary Brough, Reginald Gardiner: Aldwych, 8.30. Wed., Thurs., 2.30.

LABURNUM GROVE.—Edmund Gwenn as the family-man who may or may not be a crook, and Mary Jerrold as his wife, in J. B. Priestley's entertaining mystery comedy: Duchess, 8.30. Thurs., Sat., 2.30.

TEN-MINUTE ALIBI.—A dream inspired the murderer, and putting the clock back nearly saved his skin; Robert Douglas in his original part: Phœnix, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30. Last week.

WITHOUT WITNESS.—Nicholas Hannen, Hugh E. Wright, and Joan Marion in Anthony Armstrong's and Harold Simpson's murder thriller: Duke of York's, 8.30. Wed., Sat., 2.30.

First Night

WHY NOT TO-NIGHT?—An all-star revue, with Nelson Keys, Greta Nissen, Hermione Baddeley, Polly Luce, the Three Diamonds, and a lot more: Palace, to-night.

OPERA

COVENT GARDEN.—The season opens with *Fidelio*, Sir Thomas Beecham conducting: April 30th, 8.30.

THE VIC-WELLS season continues at Sadler's Wells.

CINEMAS

THE BATTLE.—Charles Boyer and Merle Oberon as a Japanese naval commander and his wife, who sacrifice honour for patriotism, give moving performances; John Loder and Betty Stockfield are their English opposites: Capitol.

CATHERINE THE GREAT.—Elisabeth Bergner's first English film is now showing at the Marble Arch Pavilion.

CHARLEMAGNE.—French satirical comedy, with Raimu excellent as the stoker who became king of a desert island; Marie Glory the only girl: Academy.

LADY OF THE BOULEVARDS.—Anna Sten, the new star, as the cocotte in the film of Emile Zola's *Nana*: Tivoli.

LADY-KILLER.—Jimmy Cagney on the warpath again. ON SECRET SERVICE.—More spy stuff, with Carl Diehl and Greta Nissen: Regal.

MAN OF ARAN.—Robert Flaherty's epic of the Western Islands of Ireland, with a cast of islanders, has its world première: New Gallery, from April 25th.

MELODY OF SPRING.—A comedy with music, sentiment, and a chorus; the stars are Lanny Ross, the radio boy, Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, and Ann Sothern: Plaza.

MORGENROT.—The brilliantly photographed German U-boat film has Rudolf Forster as the Commander, Else Knott, Fritz Geuschow and Adele Sandrock in the cast: Curzon.

RIPTIDE.—The lovely Norma Shearer's new film, with Robert Montgomery, Herbert Marshall, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell (her first talkie): Empire.

ROMAN SCANDALS.—Eddie Cantor's new riot of nonsense, aided by Ruth Etting, Gloria Stuart, and lots of girls: Leicester Square Theatre.

WONDER BAR.—Al Jolson's singing, dancing and humour are his best yet; the star cast of this musical comedy includes Dolores del Rio, Kay Francis, Ricardo Cortez, Dick Powell: Carlton.

MUSIC

Orchestral

R.P.S.—Last concert of the season; Sir Thomas Beecham conducts Mozart's Symphony No. 38, Sibelius's Violin Concerto (Henry Holst) Enigma Variations, Wolf songs (Herbert Janssen): Queen's Hall, April 26th, 8.15.

VIENNA PHILHARMONIC.—With Bruno Walter conducting Weber's Oberon Overture, Mozart's E flat Major Symphony, Brahms's Symphony No. 2, Handel's B minor Concerto Grosso (Bruno Walter, soloist); Vera de Villiers singing Gluck songs: Queen's Hall, April 28th, 3.

Recitals

GUIRNE CREITH.—Piano recital: Wigmore Hall, April 24th, 8.30.

JENNY SONNENBERG.—Song recital: Aeolian Hall, April 25th, 8.30.

FLORENCE WIESE.—Song recital: Wigmore Hall, April 25th, 8.30.

ARVED KURTZ.—Violin recital: Wigmore Hall: April 26th, 8.30.

SMETERLIN.—Last recital this season: Wigmore Hall, April 28th, 3.

(*Continued on page D*)

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What's On

(Continued from page B)

DANCING AND DINING

Restaurants

CAFÉ ANGLAIS.—Carolin Buchman and her seven American girls do some good dancing stuff; Howard Jacobs and his band: extension night, Friday.

CAFÉ DE PARIS.—Marion Harris is back again with some new songs and old favourites; Roy Fox and his band play for dancing: extension night, Wednesday.

CAFÉ DE LA PAIX.—Berelea and his band play dance music and the Three Rhythm Aces play and sing in cabaret. Hostesses' nights are Wednesday and Friday.

CHATHAM GRILL.—Good food and good wine, with no music, for lunch, dinner or supper: extension, Tuesday.

CHEZ QUAGLINO.—The Andrée trio dance; Van Straten's band plays dance music: extension night, Wednesday.

DORCHESTER HOTEL.—Last week of the New York Midnight Follies of 1934, with Mitzi Mayfair as star-dancer; Jack Jackson's band plays.

GROSVENOR HOUSE.—The new Grosvenor Gaieties, with some lovely English girls, dance and sing at dinner and supper; Moscheto's and Syd Lipton's bands: extension night, Thursday

MONSEIGNEUR.—Beatrice Lillie is back here, with her songs and mimicry; Jack Harris makes music to dance to: extension night, Thursday.

ODDENINO'S.—In the restaurant one can dine and dance; in the Bavarian brasserie one can eat and drink Continental fashion.

ROMANO'S.—Authentically Bohemian: the cabaret is an all-dancing one.

Ballrooms

SPORTS DINNER BALL.—In aid of the London Federation of Boys' Clubs: Dorchester, April 24th.

SHOWS AND EXHIBITIONS

ROYAL INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—Royal Institute Galleries.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—202nd Exhibition: 5a, Pall Mall East.

CATHLEEN MANN.—Exhibition of portraits and costume designs: Knoedler's Galleries, Bond Street, from April 26.

IDEAL HOMES: Olympia, to April 28th.

CHILDREN THROUGHOUT THE AGES.—In aid of Greater London Fund for the Blind: Chesterfield House.

INTERNATIONAL POSTER EXHIBITION.—New Burlington Galleries, from April 30th.

SPORT

"SOCCER."—F.A. Cup Final: Wembley, April 28th.

GOLF.—English Amateur Championship: Formby, from April 23rd.

TENNIS.—Hard Court Championships of Great Britain: Bournemouth, from April 30th.

RACING.—Great Metropolitan, and City and Suburban: Epsom, April 24th and 26th Sandown Park, April 27th-28th.

MOTORING.—J.C.C. International Trophy Meeting: Brooklands, April 28.

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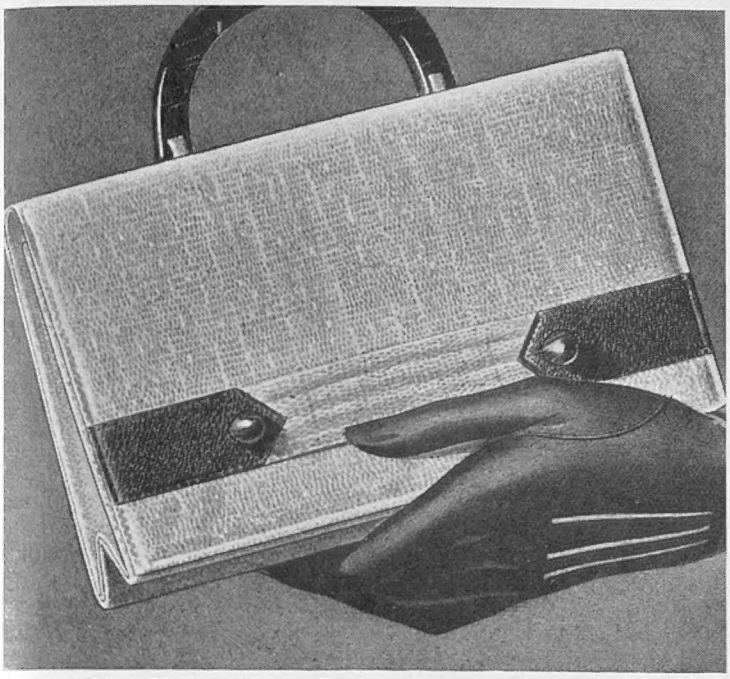

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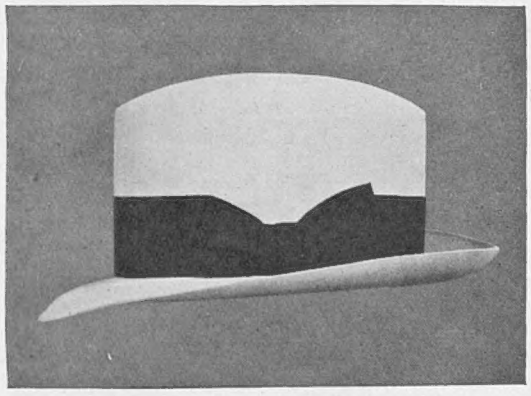

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classically tailored costume in hopsac, with three-button fastening, and box pleated skirt. jacket lined with art satin.
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"get going"
slickly tailored tweed weave costume with link button fastening, and yoke topped skirt. jacket lined with art crêpe.
4½ gns.

"some of these days" *(at left)*
novelty weave woollen coat with check revers and button trimming on the shoulder. lined with art crêpe.
6½ gns.

"on my way"
flecked weave woollen coat with rounded revers and simulated cuffs trimmed with stitching lined throughout with art satin.
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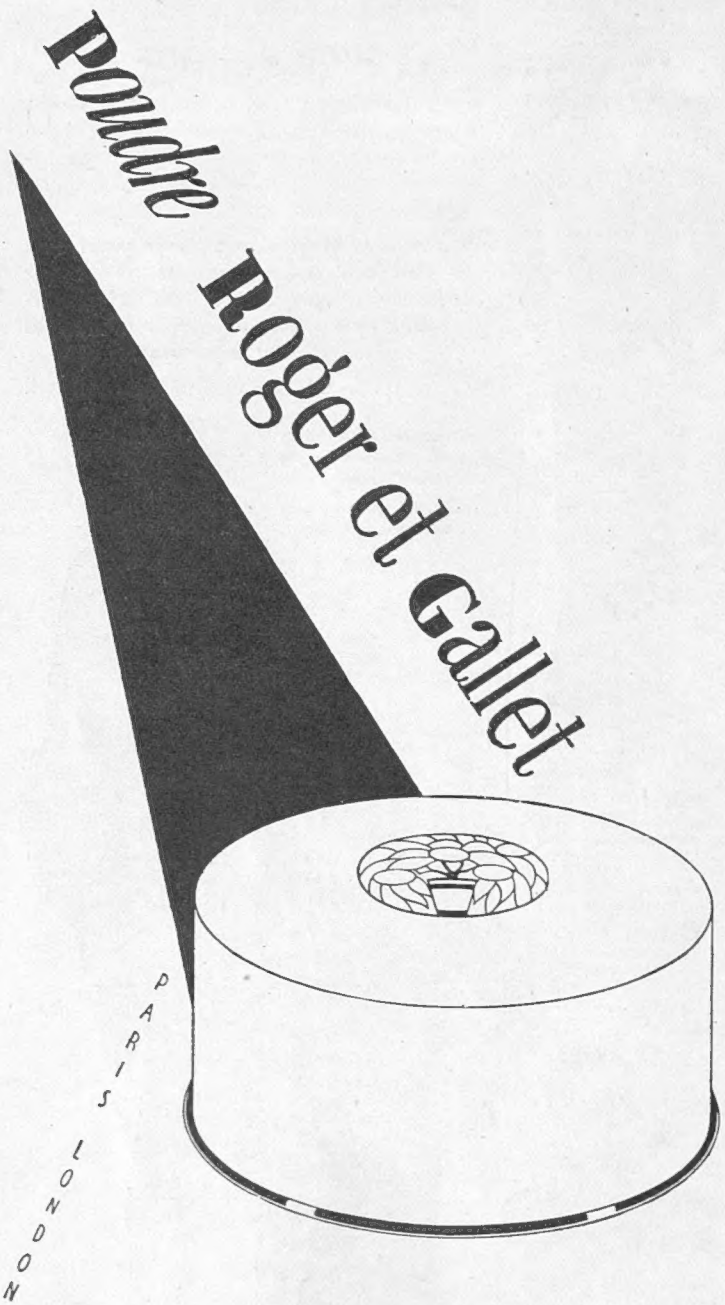

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14.

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Many of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating, our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins and poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from any chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition, even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It 's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean.

Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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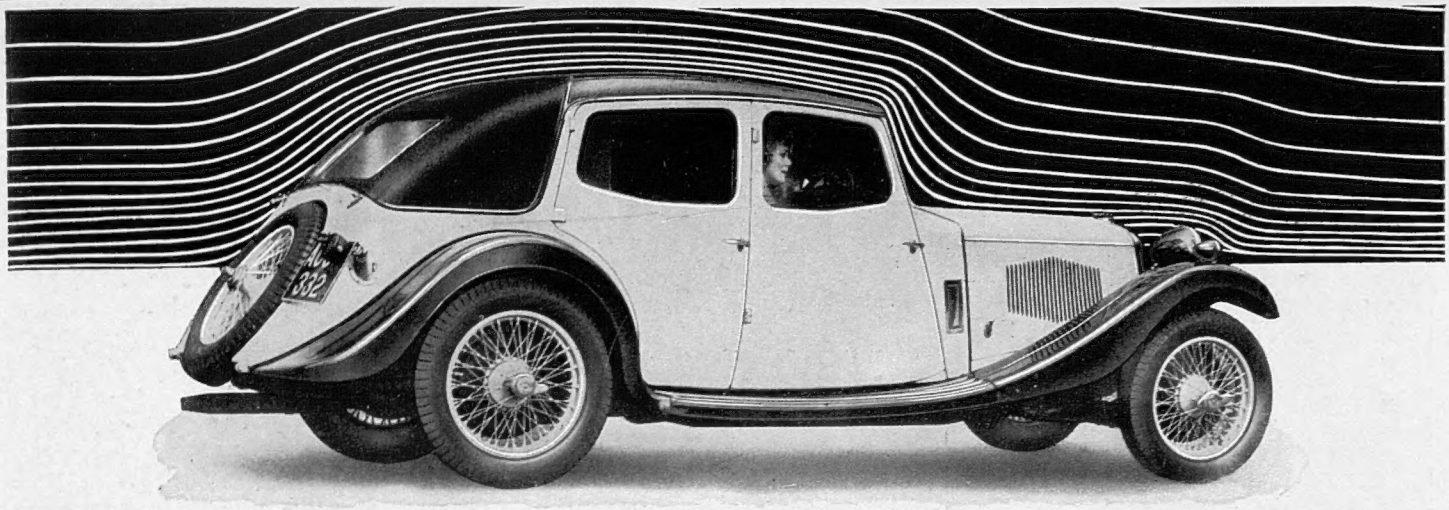

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You may be the ideal owner, your car the best the factory ever turned out, there may not be a scratch on the cellulose, but—they may not be "wearing" that kind of car in 1936. So when you buy a Riley Kestrel—apart altogether from the thrills of speed, the assurance of safety, the comfort of inter-axle seating, and a host of other exclusive features which the whole motoring world knows Riley to possess—you are buying a future asset. For example, the Riley Monaco of 1929, even of 1928, is still a modern motor car, yet compared with its contemporaries it was just as advanced then as is the Kestrel today. By the way, have you ever *driven* a Riley Kestrel?

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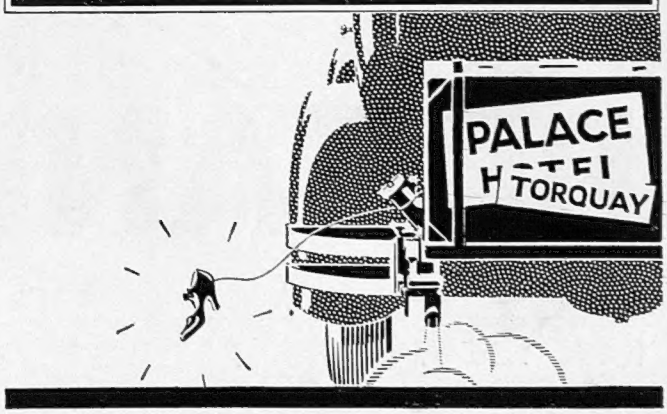
HERE COMES THE BRIDE!

IT seems there is always at least one honeymoon pair at the Palace. Under the influence of the southern sky, the Palace chef, and the "we-are-determined-to-pamper-you" attitude of the staff, even couples who have been acrimoniously married for years start holding hands again. The bridegroom—of a month's or a half-century's standing—feels he has never paid a bill (which includes everything from golf and squash to dancing and talkies) with so much pleasure: for even the terms are all-embracing!



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ONCE YOU HAVE SEEN THIS MAGAZINE you'll never want to miss it

" Cervantes was embarked in the galley *La Marquesa*, but, owing to a slight illness, he was temporarily relieved of service, and was lying in his cabin dazed by fever, and agonising that he was unable to take part in the battle.

The din of war without incessantly increased his excitement. The harsh commands, the violent explosions, the fragmentary descriptions that reached him at last proved too much.

Cervantes could remain idle no longer. He left his bed. His comrades besought him to rest. Even Francisco San Pietro, the commander of his ship, ordered him to keep under shelter. But his fiery spirit cared nought for orders and less for advice. He buckled on his armour. . . .

Women now began to count for something in his life. Cervantes, in civilian dress, paid court assiduously to the beautiful and noble Dona Catalina, de Palacios Salazar y Vozmediano. Ever a true artist, he drew from this association not only the pleasures of love, but also the inspiration for his poem ' Galatea.' "

From "OLD TALES RETOLD" by F. MATANIA, R.I.—The Life and Adventures of Miguel de Cervantes Saavedra.

FLASHBACKS OF HISTORY: No. 4 BUDGETS —THEN AND NOW.
ENGLAND'S VANITY FAIR · *by Robert Bernays, M.P.*
"THREE WIVES TALE": *by Barbara Hedworth.*
THE MARCH OF TIME: *by Wilson McCarty*
"PETER THE MAGNIFICENT": *by James Francis Dwyer.*
HERE COME THE CHORUS: *by Margaret Chute.*
THE SKELETON IN THEIR CUPBOARD: No. 2: ALFRED LOWENSTEIN, *by C. Patrick Thompson.*
"IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN": *by F. E. Verney.*
TRAVELLERS' TALES No. 4: BOXERS GET MY GOAT: *by Hannen Swaffer.*
"VERY PRIVATE SECRETARY": *by Lady Troubridge.*
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BOOKS: *Reviewed by Arnold Palmer.*
THE WAY TO A WELL-KEPT KITCHEN: *by Winifred Lewis.*
"THE SNARE": *by Allan Swinton.*
HEALTH AND BEAUTY: THE BREATH OF LIFE: *by "Chrysis."*
THERE ARE CURTAINS FOR EVERY ROOM: *by Grace Lovat Fraser.*
A SLEEVELESS PULLOVER.
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OUR PAPER PATTERN SERVICE FOR THE HOME DRESSMAKER.
MOTORING SECTION: *Conducted by The Earl of Cardigan.*
THE CHILDREN'S SALON.
OUR LITERARY COMPETITION CIRCLE.

In the APRIL

". . . There's nothing new in this stuff," Wassermann interrupted.

"It'll be new enough presently," Lakry answered; and went on: "With his observer dead Lak has only himself to consider. He climbs back into the fight. He is shot at right and left, but gradually manœuvres his plane above the red Albatros, who is driving down another Bristol. Lak is not firing: the German ace knows he can't. Securing his position Lak dives straight down on the Albatros. Its pilot treats this as bluff. He does not believe the lamed Bristol intends anything so suicidal as a ram. Lak's machine strikes his wing, breaking it off. The Albatros goes down like a shot pheasant. Lak spirals after it out of control. FADE IN a section of enemy lines.

We see the Albatros a blazing ruin. Lak's plane is near it, wrecked but not destroyed. We see Lak is badly hurt, but conscious. German soldiers haul him out and carry him away on a stretcher."

"But, darn it, this is a war story," Wassermann protested. "Who the hell cares——"

"It is not a war story," Lakry corrected. "It is Part I of a peace story."

". . . I get you now, Mr. Hounslow," Wassermann grinned. "This is not one of your advance stories. It's an author's hard-luck tale—and it ain't got a tail."

"You are wrong," said Lakry. "It has a tail with a twist that'll . . ."

There's an exciting finish to this exciting story. "IT COULD NEVER HAPPEN" by F. E. VERNEY Read it all in . .

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